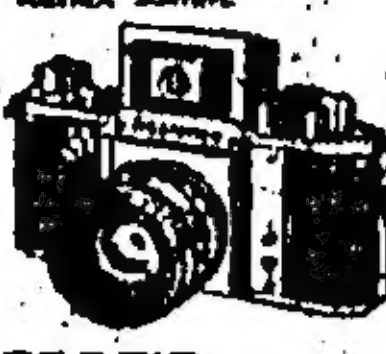


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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### LIKE VENUS?

VENUS de Milo may be amused, indignant, flattered or scandalized at comparisons between her own and the dimensions of the average British woman, but the revelation may be morally uplifting to thousands of housewives and working women whose classical proportions have hitherto passed unnoticed. There are probably at least two reasons for this: a general lack of form-fluttering apparel or a lamentable decline in the British male's inherent faculty of critical observation. The latter will, of course, be stoutly denied but, in that event, can the former be reasonably substantiated? In short, are British women entirely to blame for, say, a prudish insistence to conceal the full facts? Climatically, of course, inhibition wins justification. That brazen hussy in the Louvre may have her beauty to the eyes of millions without fear of a dose of double pneumonia. Her modern counterpart can only be doubly — and detrimentally — insulated: against connoisseurs as well as cold.

### LIKE FUN

BUT what about summer? In fairness to the fairest sex we see them less encumbered than. Where winter woollies hamper fastidious appreciation, the heat wave inspires Miss or Mrs Average to rival the lovely Louvre lady. Are males myopic then? Do de Milo's dimensions demoralise? Or is it just that British women are essentially a motley collection whose statistical average bears little relation to reality? The suggestion — though brutally candid — is somewhere near the truth. But let detractors rail and critics carp; if we are honest we should admit that disproportion is in the nature of things, dampening to individual pride perhaps, but that statisticians have produced for us round figures — even when dream figures — in which all can claim a share.

## HIGH MOUNTAIN FOUND —Under The Sea

London, Aug. 2. A Soviet research ship has discovered an underwater mountain estimated to be 12,000 feet high towering from the bed of the Pacific off Vladivostok, Moscow Radio said today.

The broadcast said that the research ship, Vityaz, had reported that the mountain appeared to be of volcanic origin. It was being named after Admiral Mikoyan, a famous Russian Naval leader, the broadcast said.—United Press.

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## British Oil Companies To Close Down In Israel ARAB PRESSURE BLAMED

### Labour MP Hits Out At Shell's Decision

London, Aug. 2.

A Labour MP charged today that "Arab pressure" caused Shell Petroleum to stop doing business in Israel.

MP John Dugdale said similar pressure "has been exercised on many companies' operation in Israel."

He said the Arabs were "bluffing." "This is no commercial question but a political one," he said.

### Great Lengths

Conservative MP Langford Toit said he thought Israel would go to great lengths to obtain a reversal of the decision, which he termed "an example of recklessness on behalf of the company concerned."

Mr R.H.S. Crossman, another Labour MP, told the Commons he hoped the government "would feel it is possible, recognizing the political complications, to persuade Shell to reverse its decision."

Labour member, Mr Kenneth Younger said Israeli anxiety over Shell's move "was clearly political and very real even if the decision was a purely commercial one, which I doubt."

### No Decisions

Mr Moulding said no decisions had been taken to close down the refineries though they were "losing a considerable sum of money annually."

He said that so far as marketing was concerned, operations were being stopped by agreement between the two companies since they were "no longer commercially justifiable."

He said that a buyer was likely to purchase the marketing operation so there was "not the slightest danger of the dislocation of petrol distribution in Israel."

Meanwhile, a Shell spokesman refused to confirm or deny reports that Shell and BPC plan to sell their Israeli interests to a Frenchman.

### Egypt's Refusal

He said no decision had yet been taken in regard to operation of the Shell-BPC refinery in Haifa.

"The joint company has signed an agreement with the Israeli government covering prices for the next six months," he said.

A spokesman in Paris said that Egypt's refusal to allow Israel-bound tankers through the Canal forced Israel to import oil from as far away as Venezuela.

But he would not say specifically that the boycott of Israel had rendered the Shell-British Petroleum operation in Israel unprofitable.—United Press.

### She Wants To Go Back To Prison

Rio de Janeiro, Aug. 2. A woman, acquitted of attempting to murder her landlady burst into tears today and begged to be sent back to jail.

The 54-year-old prisoner told the jury, "You've ruined my life."

She explained that she wanted to go back to the prison for women where she had spent most of her time since 1955, because she had so many good friends there.

When the court failed to grant her wish, she said she would appeal to the prison head.—France-Press.

### Rice Warning

Singapore, Aug. 2. Rice traders in Singapore and the Federation of Malaya have warned that the price of rice would rise still further as a result of the Chinese drought and the Siam government's export restrictions.

The price of rice in Malaya has already risen by \$55 per picul, following the news of a more or less corresponding increase in Siam recently.—United Press.

### 'Tainted' Money Refused

Melbourne, Aug. 2. The Salvation Army turned down a bequest of £25,000 today because it was "tainted." The man who bequeathed it to them won it in a lottery.

### OTHER CLAIMS

"The Salvation Army will never accept the proceeds of any lottery or sweepstakes," Sandells said. "We must refuse to accept one penny of this legacy."

Even though the Salvation Army did not want Archer's money there were plenty of claimants. Archer's will left only £150 to be spread among his three sons, three daughters and 22 grandchildren.

His landlady, too, was claiming £5,000. She said the "tainted" money was the "pity" was shared by her and Archer.—United Press.

### Campbell Fails

Canadagua, Aug. 2. Donald Campbell, British speedboat ace, was balked for a second time by swells on Canadagua Lake today as he attempted to break his own world's water speed record of 225 miles-an-hour.

Campbell's two-time-run over a kilometre mile averaged almost 100 miles-an-hour below the standard he set on England's Lake Coniston last September. He was clocked in his jet-powered hydroplane Bluebird at 142.8 miles-an-hour on the South run and only 121.2 on the North try.—United Press.

## JOBS FOR BRITISH OFFICERS IN OMAN

London, Aug. 2. The Sultan of Muscat and Oman is advertising for British mercenary officers to help run his private army now fighting against the rebel followers of the Imam of Oman. It was learned today. An advertisement in the current issue of the "Iron Duke," a British Army magazine, said the Sultan was anxious to hire British officers who have either just finished or are about to finish their tour of duty with the British Army.

Rates of pay, leave and conditions are comparable with Britain, the advertisement said. Interested officers are offered three-year contracts, renewable if they wish it.

The advertisement said the Sultan needs two Majors at once and the other officers will be needed in the autumn. The Sultan runs two infantry units, an artillery unit and a supporting group, the advertisement said.

It made no mention of the current crisis in Muscat. British-led troops of the Sultan's Army are currently preparing for battle against the rebels entrenched in the interior.—United Press.

## LONDON PRESS ANGERS RED SKELTON

Edinburgh, Aug. 2.

Comedian Red Skelton said today he left London five days earlier than he intended because he resented insinuations in the Press that his round-the-world trip was a publicity stunt.

Skelton flew here from London this morning after complaining that he was "shocked and disappointed" at the way London newspapers were playing up his tour round Europe with his nine-year-old son Richard as a publicity stunt.

Richard is suffering from leukaemia and has been told by doctors he has only a year to live. But one British newspaper said the tour was turning into a "nauseating jamboree" of publicity.

### HOOEY

Commenting on the reports on his arrival here, Skelton said they were "a lot of hooley." "I got sick of London because of them, and left five days earlier than I intended," he said. "But I don't plan to let them cut short my tour."

The Skeltons went straight off on a whirl of sightseeing when they arrived here today. Red took Richard and his 10-year-old sister Valerian to see the Imam of Oman. Hitherto the tribemen have been given at least 48 hours warning of impending RAF attacks.

The attacks yesterday were directed at tents pitched around the fort at Nizwa, once of the chief rebel strongholds. Pilots who took part said they had seen no signs of life in the tents as they shot them up with rocket and cannon fire.

Meanwhile, Naval authorities said that the three British frigates patrolling the shores of the Soutate of Muscat and Oman.

### From Hongkong To San Francisco

San Francisco, Aug. 2. Jean Verne, 15, great-grandnephew of Jules Verne, landed here this morning by Pan American airplane, on a flight around the world flying over the route of Verne's character Phileas Fogg.

He and a French journalist are trying to make the trip in 80 flying hours. They came around the world from Paris via Italy, India, Hongkong, Tokyo and Honolulu.

They depart from the original Phileas Fogg route tomorrow when they go to Hollywood.—United Press.

## Rebels Get Only 15 Minutes Warning

Bahrain, Aug. 2.

RAF jets attacked a tented camp of dissident Omani tribesmen with only 15 minutes warning yesterday, it was announced today.

The news marked a new departure in RAF procedure. In the two weeks old "little war" against the followers of the Imam of Oman, hitherto the tribesmen have been given at least 48 hours warning of impending RAF attacks.

The attacks yesterday were directed at tents pitched around the fort at Nizwa, once of the chief rebel strongholds. Pilots who took part said they had seen no signs of life in the tents as they shot them up with rocket and cannon fire.

Meanwhile, Naval authorities said that the three British frigates patrolling the shores of the Soutate of Muscat and Oman.

### Dhows Stopped

The ships began patrolling last week following reports that arms for the rebels were being smuggled across the Persian Gulf.

An official statement today said that although many small Arab vessels had been stopped and searched, no arms had been found.

Rebel forces captured nine Lanc-Rovers—the British version of the Jeep—and three three-ton trucks when they ambushed troops of the British-offered Oman regiment on July 15, official sources revealed today.

The rebels also captured three vehicles from an oil company searching for oil in the Iqdi area at the same time. The oil company's vehicles were not among those destroyed by the RAF during their strikes yesterday or the day before.—United Press.

### 70,000 Knees

London, Aug. 2. The Evening Standard reporting impressions at the World Scout Jamboree said today: "There are 70,000 knees—white, brown, black, knobby, hairy and frankly grotesque."—United Press.

## Dulles Says: I'm Glad Kremlin Purged Molotov

London, Aug. 2.

The Secretary of State Mr John Foster Dulles said today he was glad Molotov was purged in Russia because "he was obstructive."

"I am glad," Mr Dulles said, "that the Soviet rulers had awakened to the fact of what we (already) know."

Mr Dulles, who had negotiated with the former Soviet Foreign Minister for years, spoke of Molotov's dismissal in an interview with Britain's two television networks.

The Secretary of State also said he came to London because the disarmament negotiations "were getting so intricate that it was quicker to get on the spot."

He described the "little war" in Oman as a "local turbulence" and we hope it will end as quickly as possible.

### All Types

When Mr Dulles was asked whether he had heard that American arms might be used by the Omani rebels, he said:

"All types of arms could be used—British, Soviet, American, etc. If arms found on the rebels turn out to be US made, it proves nothing."

There was "not a scintilla of truth" in reports of rivalry between British and US oil interests in the Oman crisis, Mr Dulles said.

But when British TV men asked if the United States approved British action there, he said "we don't know enough about it."

He said the Omani situation had "only been mentioned casually at dinner with Mr Macmillan and Mr Lloyd the night before last."

### It Is Better

He was asked whether the Middle-east situation was better now.

"It is better than it was a year ago," Mr Dulles said. "The nations of that area feel that they tend to be stronger and dependent and they don't need to fear communism as much."

He was asked whether the U.S. was exerting more influence in the Middle East than Britain.

"The US is exerting greater influence now than in the past but whether this is more than Britain I wouldn't care to say." He said the Eisenhower doctrine did not result from the Anglo-French venture against Suez but from Soviet arms shipments to the Middle East.

### Swim In Bermuda

A world disarmament agreement appeared no nearer to diplomatic observers tonight, especially four days of intense activity by Mr John Foster Dulles and the Western delegates to the London disarmament conference.

The one apparent tangible result of Mr Dulles' visit here was his presentation of proposals to the Russians for aerial and ground inspection zones to guard against surprise attack. But the initial reaction of the Russians was unfavourable. (See back page)

Mr John Foster Dulles, left London by air tonight for Washington.

He is flying to Bermuda where he will stop for about three hours to have a swim before continuing his journey home.—Reuter.

### Off To China

Paris, Aug. 2. The first group of French tourists scheduled to make a tour of China left Paris by plane today for Zurich en route for Hongkong.


The group, consisting of nine people, will visit Canton, Nanking, Shanghai and Peking during a 24-day tour.—France-Press.

## PETITION TO CHOU

Singapore, Aug. 2. Malayan Chinese from the Southern China province of Kwangtung announced today they would ask Mr Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, to keep his promise to return their confiscated land and property near Swatow. The request would be made in a

petition to be sent to the Peking Government by the All Malayan Teochew conference in Malacca on August 17. The petition would remind Mr Chou that he made the promise to the Singapore-Malaya trade mission when it toured China last year.—Reuter.

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2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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THE FANTASTIC RISE AND FABULOUS FALL OF ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL FUNNY MEN!

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ANN BLYTH  
**THE BUSTER KEATON STORY**

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She led 3 strange lives!

**Eleanor Parker**  
**"LIZZIE"**  
Richard Boone

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HOOVER THEATRE  
June Allyson  
Elizabeth Taylor in  
"THE LITTLE WOMEN"

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Edmund Purdom  
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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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**TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS**  
ANNA WARD ALBERTO  
EVA BARTOK DEWEY MARTIN  
WALTER SLEZAK PAUL HENREID

Morning Show To-Morrow 12.30  
"MADAME WHITE SNARK"  
Japanese Film in Nipponese dialogue

**SHOWING TO-DAY**  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

**SOPHIA LOREN**  
**VITTORIO DE SICA**  
**"TOO BAD SHE'S BAD"**

Morning Show To-Morrow  
ALAN LADD in  
"SANTIAGO"

**CAPITOL RITZ**  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

**PILLARS OF THE SKY**  
JOHN WAYNE in  
"THE SEARCHERS"  
in Technicolor

TO-MORROW  
NORMAN WIDOM in  
"UP IN THE WORLD"

**FINAL TO-DAY**  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

**The Friends**  
in Technicolor

TO-MORROW  
HENRY FONDA  
"THE WRONG MAN"

**FILMS** *Current & Coming*  
BY JANE ROBERTS

**Lizzie:**  
As her doctor explains to her via the hackneyed means of a hypnotic trance, Lizzie is not just one person like you or me, but three distinct personalities hiding behind one face.

When she is "Beth" she is a normal, pleasant if somewhat ordinary young woman obviously designed to drop neatly into the niche of wifehood, motherhood and the accompanying household trivialities.

"Lizzie" is a different type entirely. Parading her sex like a gaudy banner she imagines herself irresistible and devours the man of her choice like a hungry tigress.

Between the two is poor bedevilled Elizabeth. Confused by misty memories of her nocturnal pleasures as "Lizzie" and dimly aware of the balanced person she could be if she allowed "Beth" to take over, Elizabeth, like the subject of the well-known malarky drink advertisements, neglects her job, is berated by the boss and is a source of worry to her friends and relatives.

**The Psychiatrist**  
The solution, however, is not a cup of the patent beverage every night before going to bed, but a daily consultation with a good looking psychiatrist.

How the doctor has dared to use lines like, "Now you're going into a deep, DEEEEP sleep" after all the geying this type of ham hypnosis has taken I can't think. It's a tribute to Richard Boone that he doesn't make them as fabulous as they might have been on the lips of a less convincing screen doctor.

As Lizzie's blubious, practical but basically kind aunt, Joan Blondell shows that if she could once and for all forget that she was formerly a skittish showgirl on the screen, she might become a second Betty Davis. For the times she relies on stock reactions to communicate a mood there are compensating flashes of genuine feeling and she is far more of a real person than the staggily tormented Lizzie.

**Exhibitionistic**  
If one admits that growing up is a painful, interesting and dreadfully serious business—but only to those who are going through it—then the plot of "Bernadine" is written off in a single sentence. If, on the other hand, beneath the "I must prove that I'm a man" fixation of most American college boys—those that we see on the screen anyway—it is realized that there does exist a lost and lonely sense of insecurity, then the sometimes absurd antics of Pat Boone, Richard Sargent and their "gang" are not quite as exhibitionistic as they seem.

**Divided In Half**  
The picture seems almost to be divided in half. On the one side are the conventional film doctor and his equally conventional neurotic patient, and on the other the slightly sedgy writer, beautifully underplayed by director Hugo Haas and Joan Blondell's worthwhile try at a piece of acting.

It is difficult to see how the details of Lizzie's past and the different courses her split personality pursues could have been treated other than they are, but I would have liked to have seen less scrappiness in their presentation.

In spite of this though, "Lizzie" is good solid meaty entertainment with only a few dragging moments.

**A Warning**  
Bernadine: "Bernadine" brings back Janet Gaynor to the screen and before we launch out into the details, here are some words of warning for the ladies.

However tempted you are to air your knowledge and com-

**Unsympathetic**  
I was sorry to see one of my favourite character actors—Kearney Wynn—in a mildly unsympathetic role as the civilian war correspondent who "always travels first class" while the rankers who get out the American Army Newspaper "Yank" have to rough it with the rest of the boys, but he squares in some quite snappy lines in spite of coming off second best in the battle of the headline.

Briefly "Joe Butterfly" concerns the efforts of sergeant editor George Nader and his staff of four to bring out in three days a complete issue of their service newspaper.

With his right hand, their irresponsibility with his usual rascality by Fred Clark—gives them a pop talk on the morale raising results if the newspaper comes out on time, and with his left, by refusing their requests for an office and equipment, removes the possibility of their accomplishing the job.

**Oriental Logic**  
This is where Mr. Fixit Joe Butterfly comes in. With an Oriental logic that is even able to bring a pattern of virtuous behaviour into dishonesty he secures for the boys first a house (when office space is a bomb riddled Tokyo is at a premium even for a general) then cameras, quickly followed by all the necessary requirements for getting the newspaper out on time.

I liked this film. It doesn't have the same range of feeling

**Guaranteed**  
**Doctor At Large:**  
Sequels must be very good to stand comparison with their predecessors. They are always expected to be at least a degree better than the one before and even if they equal the standard of the previous pictures, they often fail to satisfy.

"Doctor At Large" is the mixture as before—not quite as efficacious as last time, but guaranteed to hit the spot.

**Glamour-Boy**  
Joe Butterfly:  
Audie Murphy and George Nader may have a bigger film fan following than Burgess Meredith, but he steals the show right

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**BERNARDINE**  
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**SHOWING TO-DAY**

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**Muriel PAVLOW** **Donald SINDEN**  
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**JUSTICE**

**Doctor at Large**

**ALHAMBRA: 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW**  
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

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ON SUNDAY AT 12.00 NOON  
**AN ALL-BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME**  
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**AUDIE MURPHY GEORGE NADER KEARNEY WYNN**  
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**STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of**  
"JOE BUTTERFLY" At 12.30 p.m.

**TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW**

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
LATEST UNIVERSAL FOX TECHNICOLOR  
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# BUREAUCRACY RUNS WILD

## 79 Non-Existent Organs In Rome Drawing Money

By ELVEZIO GIANCHI

Rome.

It may be displeasing news to the taxpayers, but it will surely tickle any Italian horse's pride to know that four different and expensive government offices are looking over his welfare, regardless of other national problems no matter how serious they may be.

There is in fact one office dealing with horses in general, as a big equine family, with a different organisation and different personnel from other three offices dealing separately with each type of horse races practised in the country.

## BUBBLES (The Whale) WANTS A MATE

Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Marine officials today ordered a vast search in the Pacific Ocean to find and capture a lover for Bubbles.

Bubbles has a bad case of spring fever. The spawning season has started and the 14-foot Globicephala Scammoni (pilot whale) wants a mate. Bubbles was captured last February off the Southern California Coast and placed in a large tank at the Oceanarium here. The lovesick Bubbles is the world's only captive whale.

### LONGINGLY

"She won't eat her daily ration of 60 pounds of squid anymore," William F. Monahan, Vice-President of Monahan, said. "She just nibbles on anchovies and gazes longingly toward the Pacific."

Frank Brocato, Captain of the Oceanarium's collective boat, Geronimo, was given the whale of a task. He was ordered to run the dedication off on schedule. Bubbles would remain sad unless he returned with her Romeo.—United Press.

## The Pool That Went Dry

Brownsville, Pa. MEMBERS and officers of the Nemacolin Country Club near here turned out for the dedication of a new \$75,000 swimming pool.

The only thing missing was water. It developed that a shipment of pipe failed to arrive on time and club officials, anxious to run the dedication off on schedule, asked a nearby volunteer fire company to pump water into the new pool by hose.

### A LEAK

The firemen obliged and spent 20 hours filling the pool with 110,000 gallons of water. But when it came time for the dedication ceremony, there was nary a drop of water left. It all had drained out through an underground leak.

A spokesman for the Country Club said the dedication would have to be postponed several weeks.—United Press.

## Ham, Cheese & Gelignite

London. A suburban food store owner opened up last week to find his safe open, some £800 missing and the walls and ceiling plastered with ham, bacon and cheese.

The burglar had used great quantities of ham and great quantities of cheese to muffle the explosion when they blew the safe open during the night with gelignite.—United Press.

This emerged during an inquiry carried out by Senator Giuseppe Trabucchi to prepare the ground for the elimination of "superfluous" government structures.

The result of the investigation flabbergasted the Italian taxpayer. It came out that 79 government offices, whose personnel total no less than 1,000 persons, have been in business for years but are still living on Government money.

### Disproportioned

Others, like the four offices dealing with horses, have a field of activity absolutely disproportionate to their size and number.

Trabucchi's discoveries would provide splendid material for a history of bureaucracy illustrating the origin of useless offices for useless activities, their miraculous mushrooming growth and especially their successful fight for survival.

The investigating senator found out, for example, that the government is paying salaries to the personnel of offices "working" on such things as the tourist office of Italy's defense Africa empire, an office which seized Jewish goods under Mussolini's racial laws and another which distributed 1945 gifts of penicillin in 1945.

### Numberless

Trabucchi's work was no easy going business. More than a year after he began looking through the most remote corners of the Italian state budget, the senator is still unable to spell out the full name of numberless other government offices and sub-offices identified only by their initials, such as the Enadiali, the Ered, the Esider and such like.

The investigation on the superfluous offices was ordered as early as 1954 by then Premier Giuseppe Pella.

The first startling revelations connected with the investigation were made at the Senate last December. It was then that Trabucchi, having completed a preliminary search through the Government files, introduced a bill proposing the outright elimination of 79 outfits. The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary maneuvers.

### A Mystery

How much the plethora of useless bodies is annually costing the taxpayer is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing his bill last December, Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 79 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than 8,000,000,000 lire. It was a corporation operating former allied army trucks which were supposed to have been sold nine years ago.

But nine years after all are not many, if one considers that only in 1955 the Italian government began paying damages for Garibaldi's campaigns of 1860.—United Press.

## Teach Them Young

Memphis. Motorists have begun to heed the homelike signs of a volunteer kiddie patrol which warn of "children at play," "slow," and "stop." The sharp-eyed kiddies jot down license numbers of those who don't obey the signs and turn them over to traffic police.—United Press.

New York. Two yellow flags at the end of runway nine at Laguardia Airport were "keep clear" to planes and other marauders. Pleasant eggs hatching is the reason.—United Press.

## PLUCKED CHICKS



A race of featherless chickens which do not need plucking—that's one of the latest developments of American science. When the chicks hatch they are covered with down at the rear end. The down disappears as the chick grows until the bird is entirely naked except for a few fluffy feathers where the down used to be.

The little black feather gulls, which are such a nuisance to remove when a chicken is being dressed for the table never develop.

When two such chickens—as pictured here—breed, their young are all nudists, too. They are otherwise normal, except that they feel the cold.—Express Photo.

## BRILLIANT BOY YEARNED FOR A GIRL FRIEND

London.

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD David Mills was one of the most brilliant students at Nottingham University. But the brain his fellow students envied could not win him the thing he wanted most desperately—a girl friend.

He complained that he had no friends. But he brushed aside the efforts of other students to take him to dances, and fix "dates."

Although he longed to go out, he spent night after night sitting alone in his room, playing classical records and reading Russian novels.

Then, on the night he was told he had passed his Russian Part I examinations "with quite brilliant results," he walked out of a celebration party, went drinking on his own—and shot himself in his room.

LOCKED DOOR Before he fired he sent a message to a tutor, Dr Robert Waterhouse, whom he thought had let him down on a promise to find him a girl friend and companions.

At the Nottingham inquest Dr Waterhouse told how he hurried to Mills's room and pleaded with him, through the locked door, not to commit suicide. Then came the shot.

Verdict: Suicide while the balance of mind was disturbed.

## SNAKES GALORE

London.

A customer raced out of the Spread Eagle Bar and across the road to a patrolling policeman: "There's a snake drinking my beer," he said.

Up the stairs from an underground comfort station came two more men. "It's full of snakes," they said, pointing downwards. Then pet shop owner, Harry Palmer, came panting up. Fifty snakes, all harmless had escaped, he said. Five were rounded up, including the one in the Spread Eagle—lying happily in a pool of beer on the floor. The other 45, police said, are still free.—United Press.

They towed the whale out to sea and blow it up with dynamite.—United Press.

## PRACTICAL JOKER PUTS CITY IN UTTER CONFUSION

Cambridge Man Looked Like Cow's Leg

Leiden, Holland. Britain's most famous practical joker had this Dutch University City in a state of utter confusion a few weeks ago.

Nobody here believes anything any more. He had a "lost" a grand piano on a London subway train, pulled into Leiden while "Cambridge Week" opened in the Hague to show Holland's edition for the British University.

As exhibitors at the exhibition Dutch visitors are advised to be on their guard.

the press here turned out to be a collection of worthless rags.

South was at work. Then a huge "authentic" foot-print of "Cambridge Man" suddenly appeared on display in the lobby of the city theatre.

Standing next to these impressive exhibits was a young lady, clad in university gown and cap, who showed interested passers-by the "prints" of Cambridge Man.

## A UNIQUE POSTAL OPERATION

## Young Girl's Airmail System—Through A Fifth-Floor Window

New York.

A nine-year-old apartment-dwelling girl who "airmailed" a number of unaddressed pen-pal letters out a fifth-floor window has received several answers—one from Rangoon, Burma.

Home with a cold last April 24, Janet Capron wrote several letters, addressed only to "Dear

Somebody," asking that the recipients answer them. She then tossed the letters out the window.

### FRIENDLY ADVICE

The first reply came from a soldier at Fort Sill, Okla. He said he knew what it was like not to receive letters, then gave some friendly advice to little Miss Capron.

The letter from Rangoon began: "As I was sitting down under a palm tree in front of my home at sundown one evening, your letter came blowing into my lap—driven by the first monsoon winds."

"Are you pretty? How old are you?" asked the writer, who said he did not read English well and that the letter was being written for him by an uncle.

It turned out, however, that the post office had added Janet and the law of gravitation in the dispatch of the letters to Fort Sill and Rangoon. Not to mention a man named David B. Magee.

### ON THE GROUND

Magee, a neighbour of the Caprons, found several of the letters on the ground. To cheer the child, he mailed them to a soldier brother at Fort Sill and to another with the US Information Agency in Burma.

He asked that they reply or pass the letter along to someone who would cheer the child. The Lieutenant Frederick H. did his own writing. Whether the Burma Magee, Christopher, was the mysterious "uncle" who wrote the Rangoon postmarked letter has not yet been determined.

Janet, meanwhile, convinced that her airmail system works—is continuing her unique postal operation.—United Press.

## MECHANICAL BRAIN LOSES AT CHECKERS

Cambridge, Mass.

A million dollar mechanical brain that can make 40,000 calculations a second lost a game of checkers last week.

The \$2,742,000 computer, built by the International Business Machines Corporation for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, can figure out in a minute a mathematical problem that would take a scientist more than a year to solve.

### DIDN'T ALARM

But the mechanical wizard lost a game of checker to Saul Weisberg, former New England and Canadian champion, in less than half an hour.

The defeat didn't alarm the scientists, who said the new machine has not had enough time to build up "memories."

The computer will be used to solve complex problems for New England schools besides telling scientists where to aim their cameras to photograph the first man-made moons.—United Press.

## A LAW ABIDING DRUNK?

New York.

Thomas Corrigan told a judge he wasn't trying to escape when he left a police prison van en route to the station house. He fell off and was trying to catch up with the truck, he said.

Corrigan, 20, was arrested on a drunkenness charge. A patrol wagon was sent to take him to police headquarters.

### A SHADOW

Policeman Walter Siehler said that as the truck moved along, he saw a shadow on the pavement. It turned out to be Corrigan, who was quickly restored to his place in the paddy wagon.

Taken before a judge on a charge of escaping from custody, Corrigan explained: "The truck passed over a bump and I was thrown from the van. I was just trying to get their attention so I could get back in. I would have run all the way to police headquarters, if necessary."—United Press.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

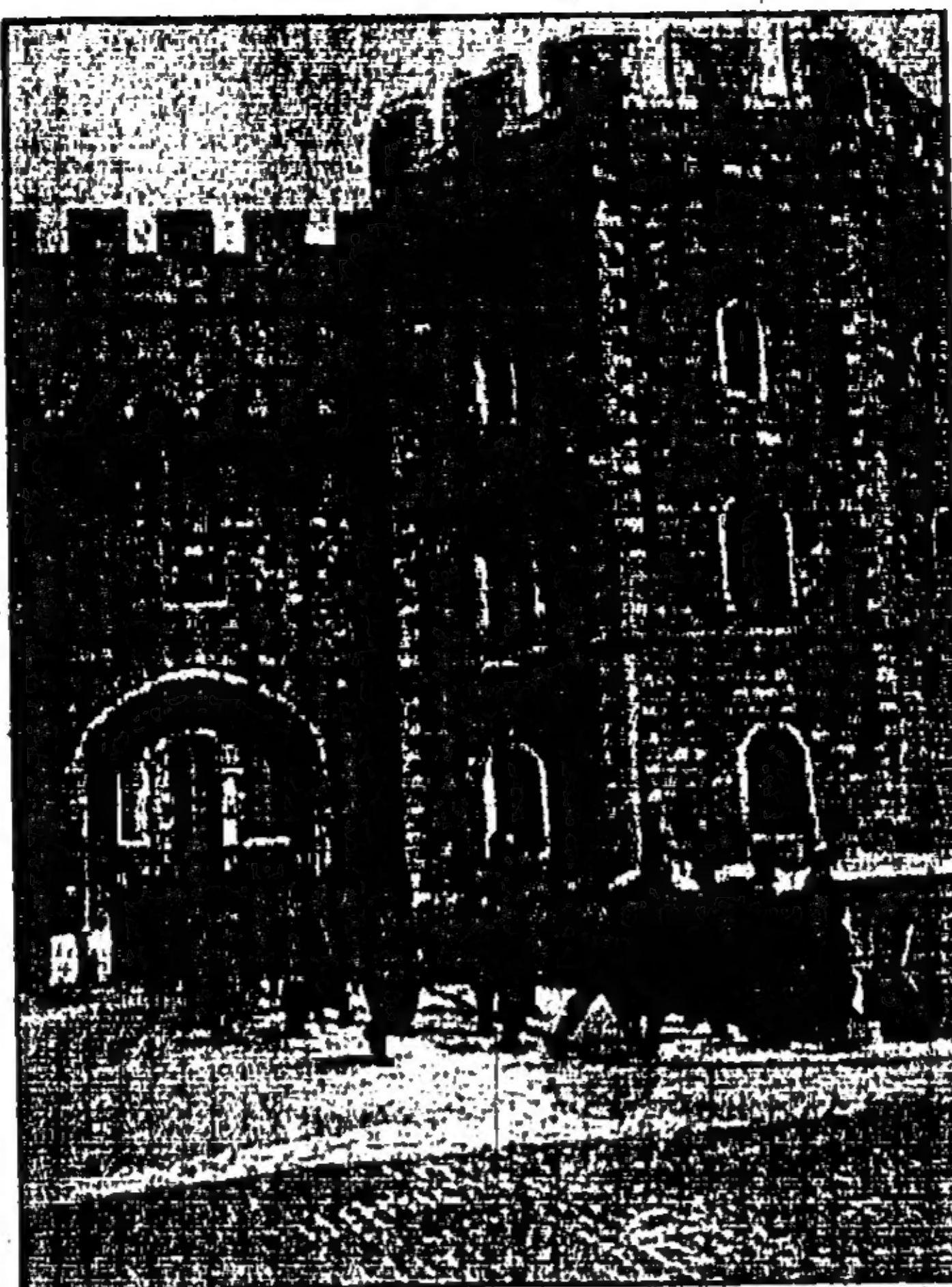


QUEEN Elizabeth the Queen Mother, back from her visit to Rhodesia and Nyasaland... seen here at the Bulawayo centre for physically handicapped children built as a memorial to King George VI. (Express)



LEFT: The Prime Minister loaned part of his house, Birchwood, in Sussex, and the grounds to the public in aid of nursing charities. And while the fun was on he even had to pay his young grandson, Alexander, 1s for a bottle of home brewed pop. (Express)

RIGHT: Before this picture was taken keepers at Whipsnade only suspected that the two cubs existed because they thought they could detect two separate squeaks. Even then they couldn't get near enough to tell their sex. However, if the cubs were not male, the keepers were prepared to state that they would be female. (Express)



NEW layouts in London are designed to cut down the amount of office accommodation available in central London... otherwise, say planners, rush hour crowds increasing at 10,000 a year will soon be jammed solid and central London will become one huge office block. (Express)

LEFT: The King's African Rifles touring England spend their time off touring the places to remember. This one is Windsor Castle in which they have just seen over the Royal Apartments. (Army News)

RIGHT: Japanese actress Izumi Yukimura (18) flew into London from the Berlin Film Festival... brought with her a touch of Oriental fruit blossom. (Express)

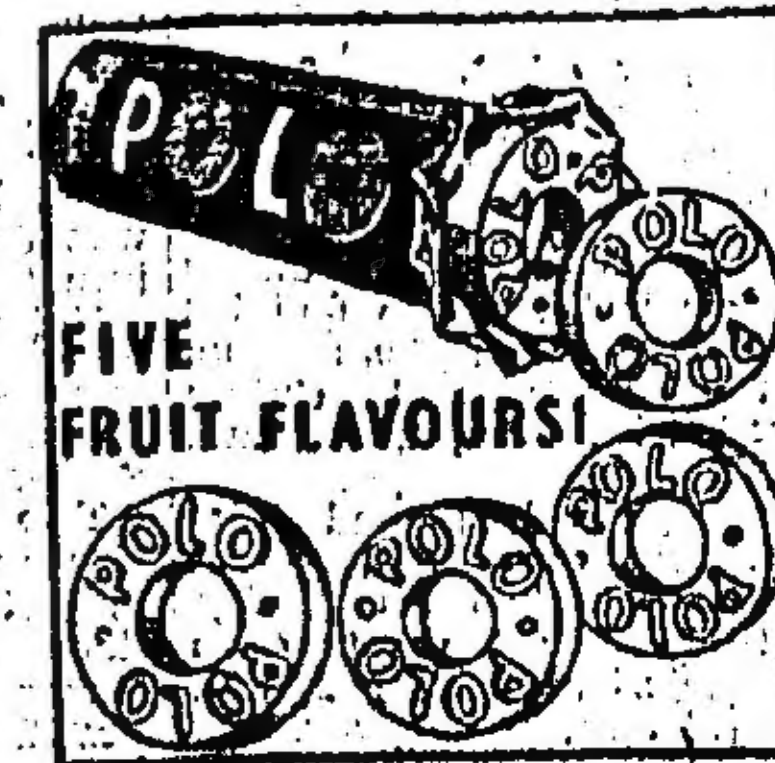
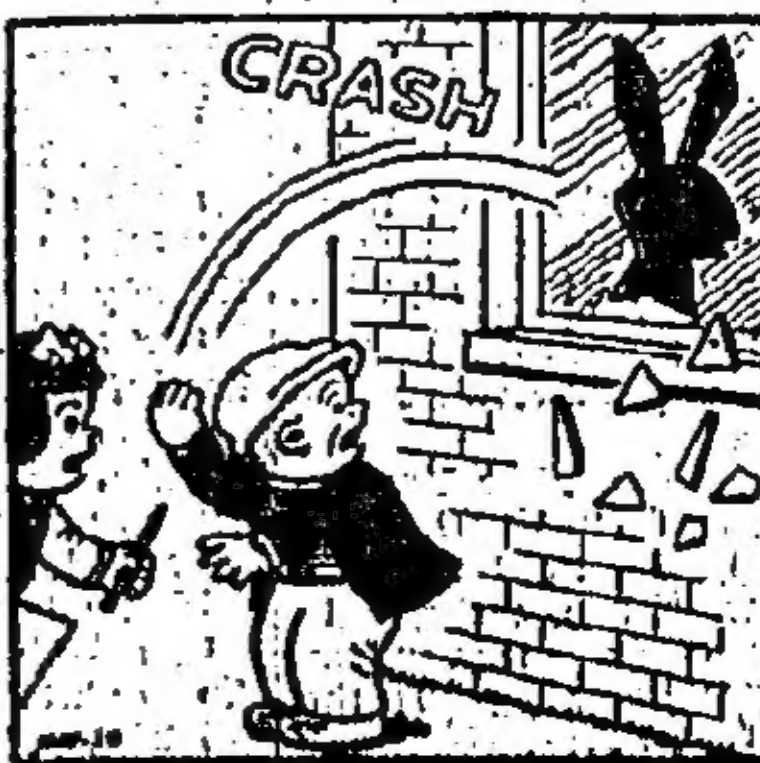
WRONG? Mario MacDonald flies in for a 24 hour visit from the US... lays claim to British romantic actor Michael Wilding—"Michael and I have been going together for eight months". Her current divorce became final at the end of July—but by that time she had flown off again for a TV film with Bob Hope in Casablanca. (Express)

LEFT: Ismaili Moslems from all over the East have been flocking to Genoa to pay last respects to the late Aga Khan. And 7-year-old Yasmin, daughter of Ali and Rita Hayworth, comes in for some of the attention. (Express)



Cary Grant has been hitting the headlines, and pushing himself back into the £180,000 a year class by saying that hypnosis has saved him from ruin. His wife and he practise it on each other. "It makes us more relaxed—and I am quite sure that being relaxed is the reason for my being back in films again." Hypnotism has so far charmed away tobacco, liquor, driving fast cars fast. (Express)

## NANCY

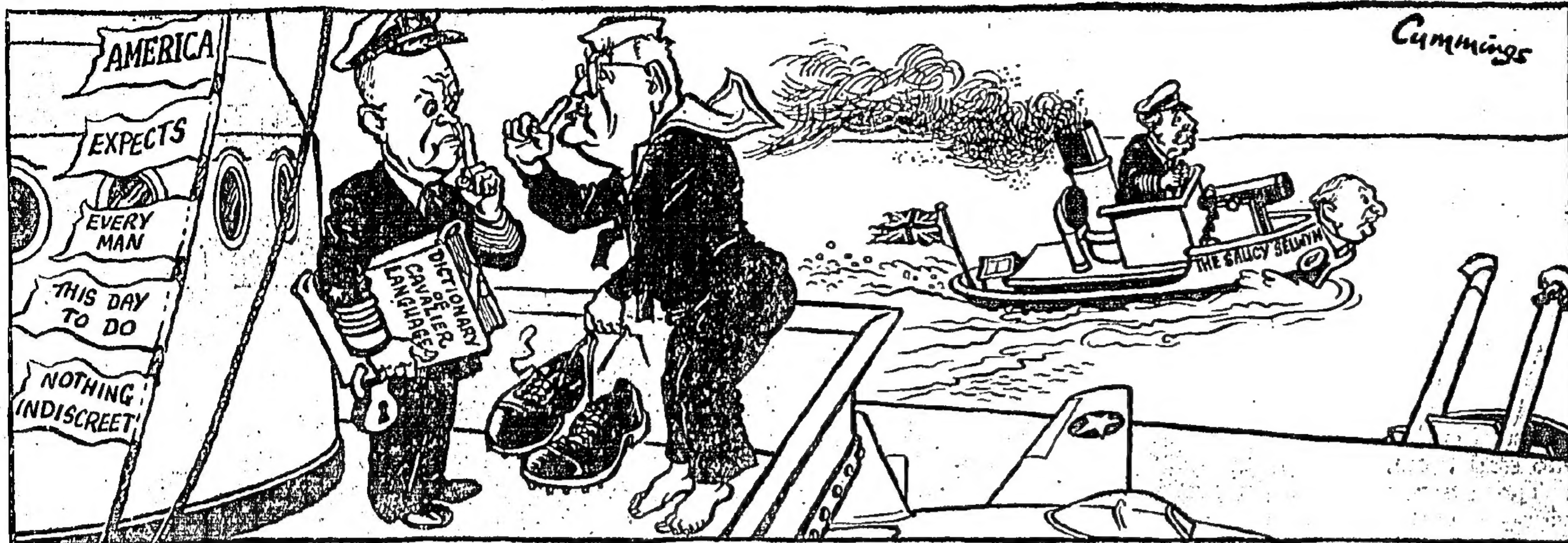


By Ernie Bushmiller



## ALL QUIET ON THE PERSIAN GULF

—by CUMMINGS



"Sssh!"

Once they cheered us . . .

Now they insult our dead

# Let's show we CAN get angry

THIS morning a harsh, hot sun will be beating down on the Mediterranean island of Rhodes.

And there, in the glare of that sun, will be 65 small mounds freshly turned from the rocky soil.

Spare a moment's thought for that sullen scene this morning and for the men who lie beneath those rough mounds.

They are the British Servicemen whose bodies were dug up by Greek shovels from their resting-place on the island of Cos, where they fought and died.

I knew many of those men. I knew them when they were alive and strong and young. And as I remember them now my mind goes back to a moment 14 years ago.

It was one hour before dusk on a Friday in late September. I was flying a biplane over the rock-strewn Aegean Sea. We were one and a half hours out from Cyprus flying low.

My navigator was: Flight-Lieutenant Thomas of 192 Squadron, my passenger Air Vice-Marshal Saul, who was in command of the operation to capture Cos and Leros, as advance bases in the liberation of Greece.

For this was September 1923. Remember what was happening. The Allies had been pushing through Sicily. And suddenly the amazing news burst. Mussolini had been imprisoned by his own people. The Italians were pulling out of the war. The Axis had crumbled with open.

## Desolate

THINGS were going very very well. But you might not have thought so if you had been with us in that beautiful in the evening sky.

Things of our situation. Over Cos, our right was the coast of Turkey, and on our left, six or seven miles distant, the German-occupied island of Rhodes.

We could see German Messerschmitts flying over Rhodes, circling the island, which was one of the biggest and strongest in the Aegean. We flew on unimpeded their radar screen, and unseen by their fighters. We approached Cos as dusk, wheels down, and fired our recognition signals.

Let me tell you what Cos is like.

It is a thin desolate silver of rock jutting out of the sea. It is 25 miles long, five miles wide. The landing strip, if you could call it such, was close to the sea, 600 yards long. It was simply a narrow gash on the side of a hill. It was easily recognizable because there were six burned out Dakotas lying around the perimeter.

The men in those Dakotas under the command of Whitley Straight had landed that afternoon. They had managed to drag their supplies out just before the Messerschmitts came in and blew them up.

I SOON LEARNED JUST HOW GRIM THE WHOLE SET-UP WAS.

Number 7 Spitfire Squadron of the South African Air Force had landed three days previously. They had been having a wretched time.

The Germans would send over a bomber as a decoy. The Messerschmitts waited out to attack on Cos and the Leros, which they saw, the Spitfires bearing island of Leros, which they saw, and then in they came.

They got the South African pilots as they turned away from the island, flying slowly in a climb.

The South Africans looked pretty tired, and said they were. The pilots were all big, tall fellows commanded by Major Van Fleet. Their food was short, their cooks—who were simple South African tribesmen—were terrified of the landing, so meals were erratic and infrequent. The water was brackish. The pilots roamed anywhere they could get some sleep: outhouses, farm-houses, or tents pitched in narrow ravines.

Why ever had we taken on this fantastic operation? That's what the men I met could not understand. Why, just when things seemed to be going so splendidly for the Allies, should we try to land and hold on to this tiny island right under the noses of the Germans with the nearby British base 400 miles away? What was the point of it all?

That evening Air Marshal Saul called everyone together. We walked down into a narrow valley where he explained to pilots and ground crew why we were there.

I remember that talk well. I remember the scrub-covered



All who listened in the quiet of that late evening realized the desperate nature of the operation and the consequences. Then came the air marshal's final words. He said:—

"Perhaps you have two or three tough weeks in front of you. But think of these people over there—and his pointed out to sea where Greece lay beyond the horizon—"those are our friends the Greeks. They have had two whole years of it under the Germans. They are our allies, our friends. We owe it to them to hold this island to the last man if it means them getting their freedom earlier."

And so the men I stood with in that parched little valley went back to their duties thinking of the friends they had never seen, their friends in Greece. For their sake, they went back gladly to prepare for the German attack.

The next day the South Africans were reinforced by two British squadrons. The famous 74, under "Squad" Hayter, and 274, under Johnnie Morgan.

These two famous British squadrons were welcomed joyfully. Both squadron commanders were enthusiastic and gay. Both were beautiful pilots.

Seventy-four Squadron was moved down on to a flat, sandy beach, which it used as its runway.

Meanwhile the four companies of the Durham Light Infantry, who were the total military force on the island, were fortifying their positions, and supplies were being pushed through at night in special fast boats disguised as Greek traders.

One R.A.F. air-sea rescue boat was disguised as a Turkish yacht.

German air activity had quietened down, and the time was used to try to fortify the island better. More Bofors guns, more ammunition, and more food.

But it was plain to all that the full in German activity meant an impending attack.

No one, however, expected the violence with which it arrived. The landings started at dawn on October 2. There was low cloud and fog.

Plato of 74 Squadron down on the beach heard the

meant freedom for Greece, and they threw everything in to stop it.

The sea around these islands became a grave for many British and Empire fighting men, but on the island of Cos itself 65 British dead were recently buried, airmen, soldiers and seamen.

Those 65 men and their comrades who found no grave knew this was not just another battle. It was a hazardous operation fought on Greek soil for the freedom of Greece.

Now their bodies have been dug up. They have been carted off from their lonely resting place like corpses in a plague. And all because the Greeks say they want to build a pot-house there.

Can any act be more spiteful than this?

The Greeks have armed our enemies in Cyprus. The guns which killed and maimed so many of our young men there were shipped with a mile from Greek ports. Now comes the insult to our dead.

What can we do about it? For there is a time for patience

and diplomacy. But there is a time for anger too.

At the moment the average British housewife buys 11lb. of Greek currants every year. That may sound a trivial thing, but the Greek economy depends on this trade.

Why, then, should not every household boycott Greek currants? Why not ask instead for currants from Australia and South Africa?

THE EFFECT ON GREECE WOULD BE DEVASTATING.

Then there are those who spend their holiday money in Greece.

This year nearly 20,000 British tourists are planning to visit the mainland of Greece. Sir Campbell Mackenzie is conducting a special culture tour of Greek temples and ruins. Other ja-hen-tile tours will follow.

And every tourist will be helping to finance the Greeks in their campaign of hate.

Why help them? The white columns on the Acropolis have stood for over 2,000 years. They will still be there when the little men who have inherited them are finally forced to behave like civilized people once again.

All in a doctor's day—by CEDRIC CARNE

## HOW WELL DO YOU SLEEP?

IN the early hours of the morning, when most are turning gently in their sleep or quietly snoring, some lie terribly awake. Are you one of them? Are you like Mrs. Wilson, who, as the clock ticks loudly on the mantelpiece and the grey light of dawn edges through the curtain, gives in, and leans towards the bedside table for sleeping tablets?

"I didn't use to be like that," she said. "When I was younger I could sleep on a clothes line. My head just had to touch a pillow, and I was away. Now I'm like a neurotic film star."

Mrs. Wilson wasn't a neurotic sort of person at all. She just didn't realise that, with advancing age, people need fewer hours sleep—though they need more rest.

"Be sensible, Mrs. Wilson," I said, "and accept the fact that you sleep less because you need less sleep."

In any case, as we grow older we compensate for broken nights by taking naps during the day. Think of grandpa and grandma.

They, incidentally, know the value of not going to bed on an overloaded stomach. The main meal of the day should not be taken too late at night. It is best to eat earlier and take a light snack just before turning in.

"Biscuits and a glass of milk for example," I advised.

On the other hand, some can't go to sleep because they are physically or mentally over-tired. Big executives, for example, who have to scheme continually and whose hours are counted in crises are just too fatigued at the end of a day.

They are so on edge that their muscles are in a state of tension. And the key to sleep is not only a halcyon mind but relaxation of the muscles.

Some, of course, don't sleep as well as they might because of illness or physical discomfort. Conditions like arthritis and neuritis may become more noticeable at night. All the same, patients such as these shouldn't become too dependent on sedatives. Often they have insomnia, not because of pain but because they expect pain.

So you're against sleeping pills, doctor?

"Not always," I replied. Sedatives can be most helpful for short periods. The danger is they can become a habit. The secret is to break that fixed idea in the mind which is expressed in the sentence: I just can't sleep without my pills, doctor.



"Not always," I replied. Sedatives can be most helpful for short periods. The danger is they can become a habit. The secret is to break that fixed idea in the mind which is expressed in the sentence: I just can't sleep without my pills, doctor.

It's strange but the main factor in so many who suffer from insomnia is fear of insomnia. They go to bed thinking, "I'll be restless all night—done-in in the morning and look washed out." And that's what happens. It is the original idea that is wrong.

Change that idea and there is no need to take sedatives. Easy to say, Mrs. Wilson commented, but what do you propose instead?

Self-hypnosis, I replied. It started her.

Just as in hypnosis the mind, at first, should be made as blank as possible. Then the few words should be allowed to tap and all muscles relaxed completely. The tip of the tongue allowed to touch the lower teeth.

"Try it yourself," I said. Mrs. Wilson sat back in the chair with her eyes just closed. She was practising.

"Mrs. Wilson," I said, "have you tried a night-cap?"

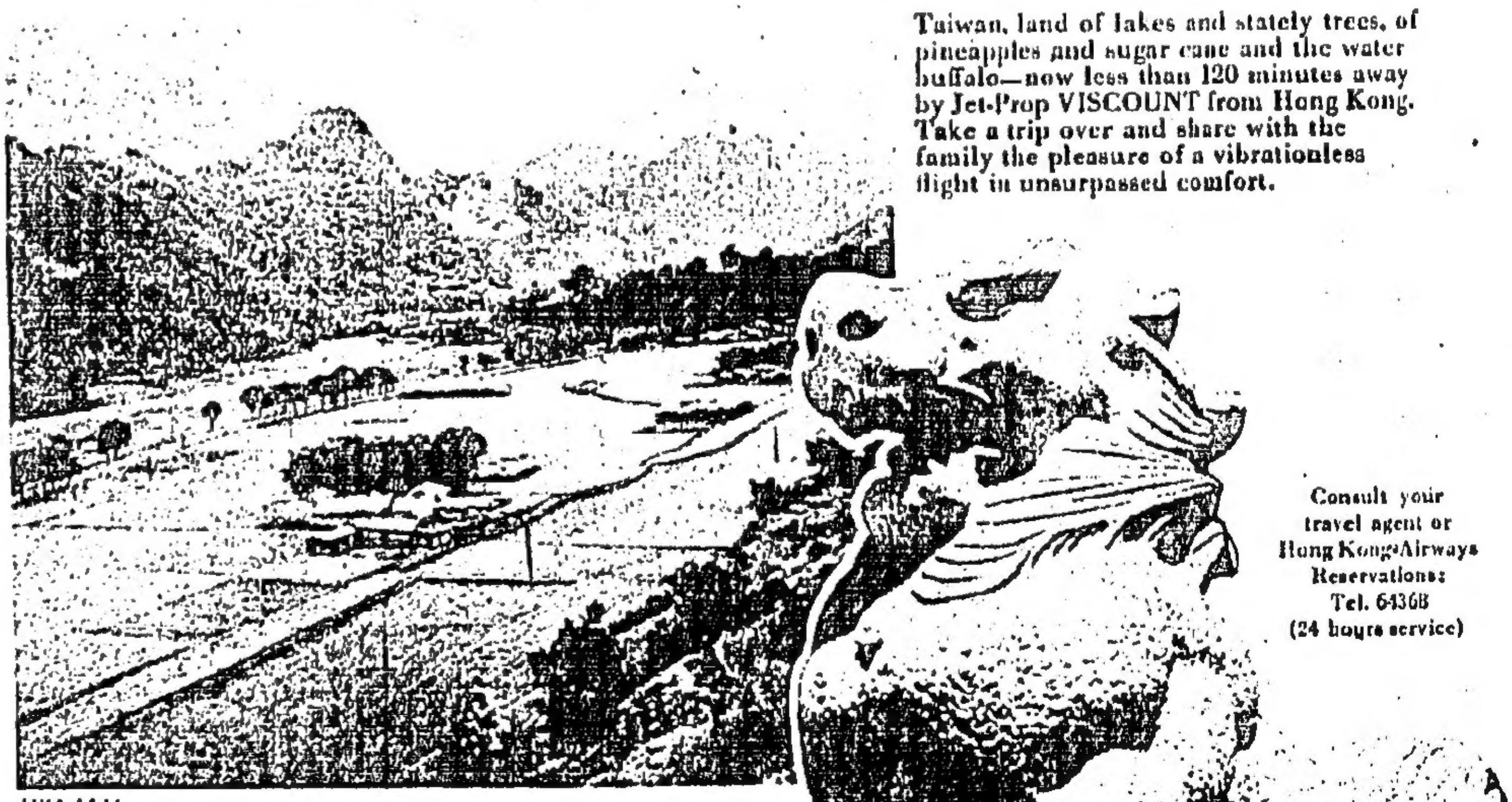
She seemed engrossed. "Mrs. Wilson," I had to shout loudly.

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## POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Do you know, Ali, I'm very much afraid these aren't oil shores!"



## SUNLIT ISLES, CAREFREE PEOPLE, VILLAGE SCANDAL...

# The day a white man pulled a gun in court

• The islanders called him Kurimbo. He went among them to rule; he stayed with them as their friend. Then he distilled the magic of those enchanted shores in stories...stories that seized the imagination of all who read them, half the world away. Today: The strange episode of a silent battle of wills—from Sir Arthur Grimble's last book, RETURN TO THE ISLANDS.

WHEN my formidable first chief, E. C. Elliot, was teaching me my job as a district officer in the Gilbert Islands, he was fond of saying: "You can't intimidate these people in the mass, so don't ever be fool enough to try. It's their consciences you have to work on when they get sticky; nothing else."

I didn't make much of his words at the time, but I had occasion to remember them a few years later. It was when a sick and unhappy individual, whom I shall call Albert, came trailing up to Tarawa from the Southern Gilberts with a tale that the people of Arorae Island had tried to murder him.

Albert was a stop-gap in the administrative machine, a temporary, provisional, acting district officer. True, he spoke a bit of Gilbertese, but badly; and his running talk about missionaries was a byword everywhere.

Yes, Albert was a mistake—a private letter to me from the native magistrate of Arorae explained how enormous "the" came among us breathing hate of our religion and shouting threats against our pastors. It ran, "and that was the beginning of our sorrows."

In other words, he had conceived a bitter jealousy of the influence of the London Missionary brown pastors in the Southern Islands. "But," the report continued, "Timoni, the chief pastor, told us to be patient; so we suffered his talk in silence."

for a week and three days. And then arose the matter of Nei Tabita.

Nei Tabita was a pretty village girl on whom Albert's roving eye had fallen. She, instead of submitting with joy to his forceful advances one evening near his house, stayed only to hurl a fallen coconut at him, then fled arrow-swift through the palm grove to the dwelling of her uncle, a native pastor. The pastor, a big man, came out and showed Albert off with a broom and epithets of biblical frankness...

"So the day after," continued the magistrate, "he came to me, saying, 'Punish me that insolent pastor.' I replied, 'For what crime in the Book of Laws shall I punish him?' He answered nothing, but the next morning he returned, saying, 'You show favour to Christians. You are not fit to be a magistrate.' And he pushed me out of my middle seat at the table of justice, forcing me to sit beside him."

"Sitting in judgment instead of me with a revolver before him," he sent men and women to prison for offences not named in the Book of Laws.

And when my council of village headmen said, "This revolver is not the law," he sent them also to prison for contempt of court. But because Timoni, the chief pastor, said "Patience! Keep the peace," we suffered that man for yet another four weeks and four days, lifting no hand against him. Nevertheless, our young men began to murmur, "If this is the law, let us quickly make an end of it."

The end came when Albert entered his seventh week on Arorae. I will reconstruct that final scene now from the notes I took later, on the spot. He had called a general meeting in the speak-house for more folk about the pastors, and a big crowd of men and women had turned up.

But when he tried to address them, a mysterious sound arose; just a hum-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm from behind closed lips, untraceable to any particular part of the audience.

## The salvation of Albert

HE stopped talking; the hum stopped, too. He glared into their faces. Seated on the floor, they stared back at him, silent. He began again; so did the hum. At a third attempt, he tried to shout it down; its volume grew to the bourdon of a church organ.

It was the sight of him, roaring and livid in his seat at last, that broke up the peaceful game. A couple of youths burst into capricious laughter. He whipped round to his wretched orderly: "Arrest those two!" he yelled.

The orderly tried to obey, but men leaped up and held him off. And then Albert did the stupidest thing of his life; he snatched his gun from the table and pointed it at them.

A woman screamed. "Death! He brings us death!" That loosed pandemonium; they all went berserk together; the whole audience charged. In a mass sweep the astonished crowd broke like flies from a horn. She fell upon the prostrate body. Albert disappeared from view.

Timoni and half a dozen other pastors, ringing the two around, beat back all who dared to charge again with stunning two-handed swings of their enormous black blibber. So it came about that Albert's life was saved by the very men whose influence he had come to break on Arorae.

I turned from the books to Natan. "Well, you tell me yourself how you got into prison."

This was his story:—

"The white man came to my village, saying, 'You will be my fisherman,' but I said to him, 'I am a free man and I do not want to fish for you.' So he said, 'You are no longer free, I am taking you to prison.' And I followed him to the calaboose, for I thought it was the law."

I shut down at that point and delivered the lot from goal. A couple of hundred sightseers had trickled into the speak-house by then. More and more people came crowding in as I got on with the other court routines. There were between 700 and 800 of them at least, sitting with bowed shoulders cross-legged on the floor.

The quality of their silence, massive and tense, shouted its own warning. They were waiting for me to start trouble about Albert.

Any least reproach, or whatever it might be, of mine was simply going to be their cue for a roaring "Hands off!" ultimatum. That grandiose showdown, nothing else, was what they were waiting so tensed for.

The magistrate gave nothing but the barest bones of the last act in his letter. Also, he named no names. Clearly he wasn't going to be interested in identifications later on. "The table of justice was overturned upon me and I saw nothing," he put it, and added, "Furthermore, I think that the only sinner in this matter was that man. This, I know, is not according to the law. Therefore I am no longer fit to remain in office. Therefore, I have locked away my uniform in the Government safe and returned to my village, Farwell."

The problem his resignation had left on me, for whomver it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript. "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resist anyone who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless my law was to stand condemned on the beachhead to greet me. He wasn't there officially, he said, but only to warn me against staying overnight.

"The ship's leaving me here for a month," I told him—"but where are the village headmen? Why didn't they, at least, come along? Or did they resign in a hunch when you did?"

"They did not resign. That man sent them to prison, as I reported to you," he replied, "and they are still in prison."

I walked past him towards the island speak-house, usually so packed for visitors now so forlornly empty. "Go and get your uniform on," I told him, "then go to the prison and bring the village headmen here, also in uniform. Maybe we can straighten a few things out between us."

Half an hour later, a fully constituted and uniformed island court was reinstalled in the speak-house. Arorae's prison population was normally five or six, but 63 men and women were lined up that day.

Nothing in the records

"WELL, for heaven's sake, what is Natan in for?" I asked the court scribe, starting with an aged fisherman, a very old friend of mine.

"For no crime that I know of," the scribe answered glumly. "But what's in the records? What charge...what evidence...what did you write in the books?"

"Nothing," he said, and that ran for all the 63. The records were just blank about them. Albert had dispensed with nonsense like charges and evidence.

I turned from the books to Natan. "Well, you tell me yourself how you got into prison."

This was his story:—

"The white man came to my village, saying, 'You will be my fisherman,' but I said to him, 'I am a free man and I do not want to fish for you.' So he said, 'You are no longer free, I am taking you to prison.' And I followed him to the calaboose, for I thought it was the law."

I shut down at that point and delivered the lot from goal. A couple of hundred sightseers had trickled into the speak-house by then. More and more people came crowding in as I got on with the other court routines. There were between 700 and 800 of them at least, sitting with bowed shoulders cross-legged on the floor.

The quality of their silence, massive and tense, shouted its own warning. They were waiting for me to start trouble about Albert.

Any least reproach, or whatever it might be, of mine was simply going to be their cue for a roaring "Hands off!" ultimatum. That grandiose showdown, nothing else, was what they were waiting so tensed for.

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A visit from chief pastor Timoni had me up at sunrise. He, of course, knew all the facts of the attack and gave me to me freely. He named no names, however, and I didn't want any from him. You can't make a stooge of a missionary. Besides, the only radical cure for this trouble was for Albert's attackers to give themselves up of their own accord, and so short-circuit the foolish pact to resist their arrest.

That solution seemed beyond hope to me, but not to Timoni. "They would refuse today," he said, "because their consciences are still asleep. But later... when you have done your part... things will be different."

My part, according to him, was to awaken the general public conscience for a start. I agreed. "That's a grand idea, but how do I get them going?"

"Do as you have begun," he smiled. "Ask no questions; answer no questions; say never a word about that man; nevertheless, go much among the people, laughing with them all the time. Do nothing but this at first."

"But, Timoni, why should being friendly start them thinking? Just the reverse, I'd have thought!"

His answer struck me as more than a bit contentious. "They have taken the guilt of those men upon themselves, and guilt walks ahead in the face of friendship."

"Hm. All right. So then?"

"Then the people will begin to wonder aloud, saying: 'This white man is our friend. He loves to laugh and play on Arorae. Yet he continually hides something from us. What is it that he hides?' And one will whisper to another, imagining all manner of things, until at last they will send a deputation to you, saying: 'Kurimbo, what are you hiding from us?' And you will say 'Nothing,' and they will go away empty, and the people will wonder still more, until, presently, someone will start a whisper: 'What is about to happen to us?'"

"But, Timoni," I objected, "where's all that going to lead us? Threats of danger, or punishment just don't frighten Gilbertese men."

"Yes," he said, "that is what they are thinking: a battle cruiser will come and take you away from here, and when it is far out at sea—so far that none can see it—it will turn and fire all day and all night at Arorae, until not a man, not a pig, not a chicken is left alive. This it will do because of the injury done to a white man."

There had been meeting after meeting about it. The hundreds who hadn't even been present at Albert's downfall were asking why they should be destroyed with those who had.

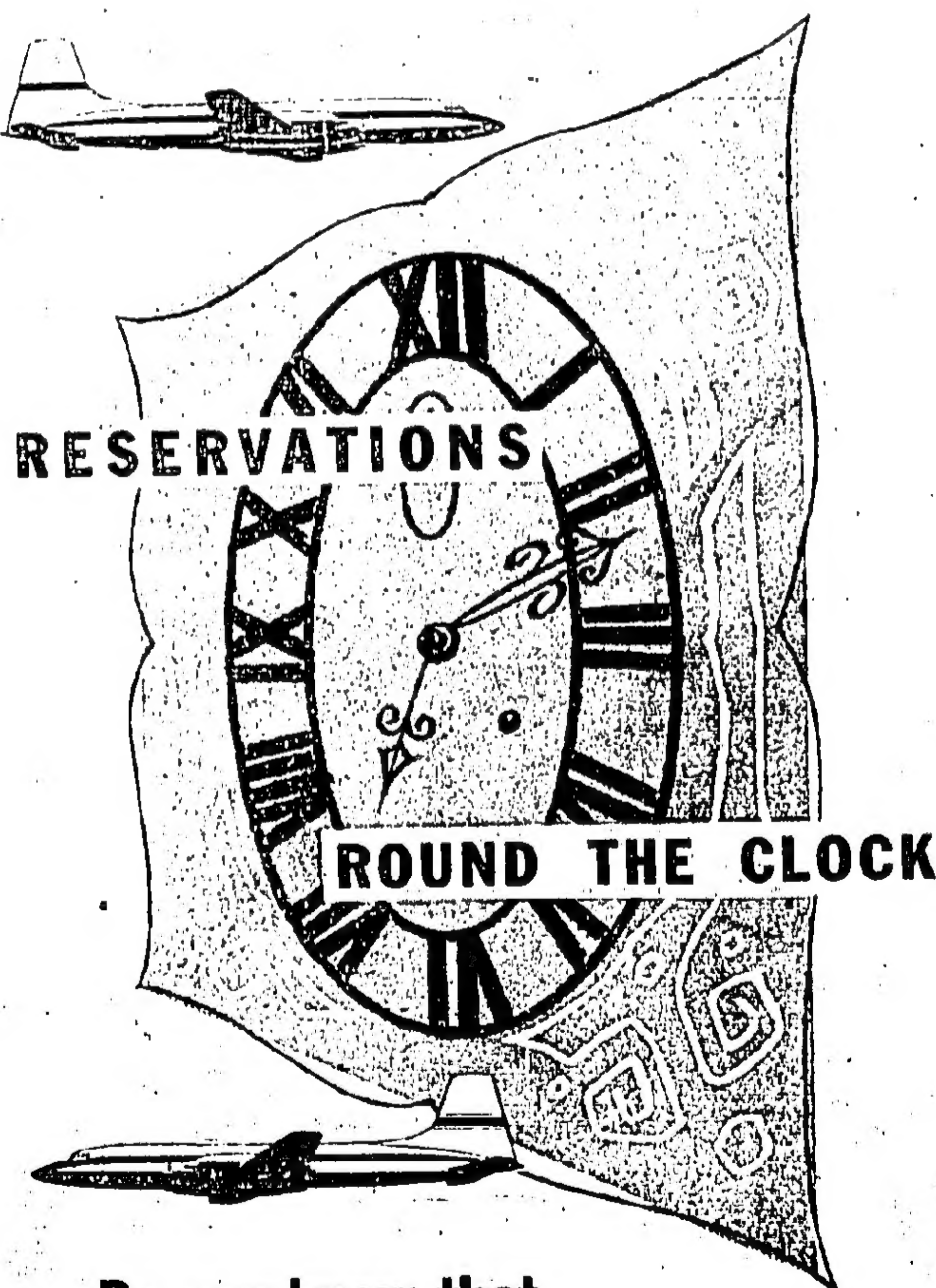
The first deputation came along two nights later—a dozen men in the prime of life, wearing the long white waistcloths of their island. They had a card to play and came to the point with a pitiful show of confidence: "Kurimbo, we have been thinking. We are here to offer a gift. In spite of what that man did to us, we are sorry for our anger, so we offer him 20 tons of copra..." They proposed, in short, to settle with Albert out of court, and no questions asked.

Remembering Albert, however, I couldn't believe it would work that way on Arorae.

(Continued on Page 7)



Nei Tabita stayed only to hurl a coconut, then fled through the palms...



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• This series is adapted from Return to the Islands, by Sir Arthur Grimble, to be published by John Murray. Last week's photographs were from the film Pacific Destiny, based on Sir Arthur's earlier book A Pattern of Islands.



# QUICK-on-the-DRAW COUSINS-

## He could become sheriff

FRANK Cousins, said a trade union historian to me, is like a gunman in a Wild West saga. Not a bad gunman, but a good gunman. A kind of Robin Hood of the prairies. He is going through an heroic, tempestuous phase. And he is qualifying.

For what? Why, to become the sheriff. And when he becomes the sheriff, the upholder of law and order, the reputation he is now building for being "quick on the draw" will be one of his greatest assets.

But let any hombre step out of line when Frank is the sheriff—why, he'll soon be shot down—by Frank.



by  
**TREVOR EVANS**

### The fear

IT would please some to see Mr Cousins "settling down," but others are alarmed by a world in which he would dispense his kind of law and order. For "Sheriff" Frank as the custodian of trade union regulation might not only interpret the rules but seek to make them as well.

He is already the head of the country's biggest union. He would like his policy to be endorsed by the whole T.U.C.

And he thinks it reasonable for the Socialist Party to give "political expression" to what the unions decide. And that could mean what Mr Cousins decides.

Personally, I think that is an unjustified fear. My bet is that

he will mellow, and be more tolerant on minorities, always provided, of course, they are not too violent to his majority.

But just now he is still on the way up. He will need allies to get to the top. He still has to win them. But he has one inestimable inducement.

His block vote of 1,300,000 is the trade union armory. It can forge alliances. It can shatter rivals. It often means the difference between victory and defeat for controversial policies. No wonder he demands attention.

For these days Mr Cousins is everywhere. He makes news. He has been making news ever since he became the general secretary of the mighty Transport and General Workers' Union, with 1,300,000 members

In a hundred industries, just over a year ago. I have a sardonic feeling inside of me when I recall that earlier this year I was advising him how useful a public relations man could be to his organisation.

He appeared to be listening intently. But he has done nothing about it. Come to think of it, why should he?

There isn't a public relations man living who could get Frank "into the papers" as frequently as he manages to do it for himself.

But let me add that he is no publicity-seeker. On the contrary, he is sensitive about many references to him. None of the "don't-mind-what-they-say-as-long-as-they-say-it" attitude in him.

### Grenade

ANYONE in his tremendously busy job, influencing as it does the whole T.U.C. as well as the Socialist Party, would attract some attention. It is Frank Cousins himself who holds it.

Today he is the generalissimo behind the disputes on the provincial bus routes and in Covent Garden. Today, too, he will dominate the secret talks between the Odhams management and the T.U.C. on the future of the Daily Herald.

On Wednesday night he threw a verbal hand-grenade into the orderly proceedings at the Treasury by asking Mr Thornycroft, the Chancellor, what the Government would do if the T.U.C. refused to read the advice of the Government's proposed super-court on inflationary problems.

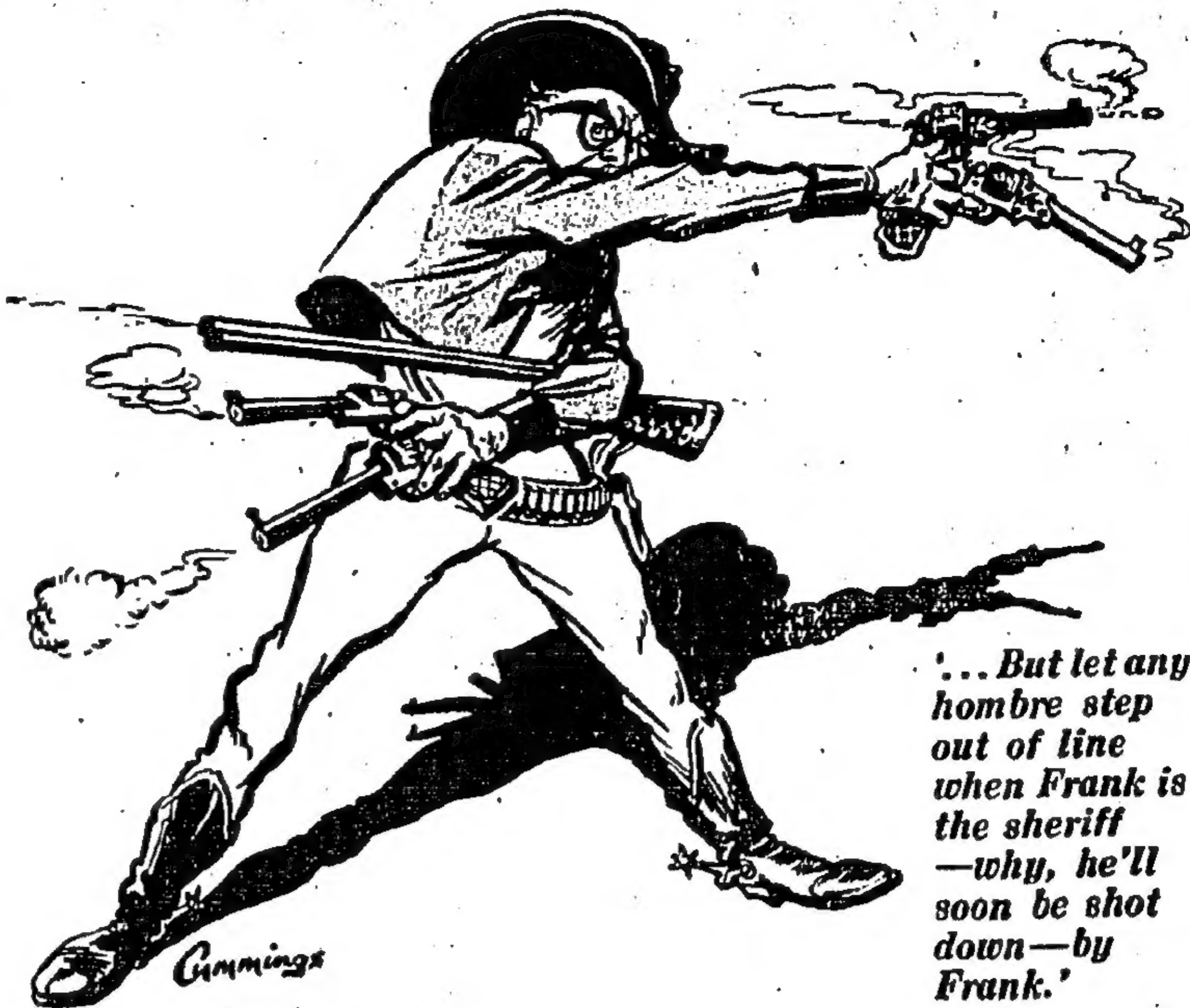
The other T.U.C. chiefs were as startled as Mr Thornycroft. And when courteous Sir Thomas Williamson, T.U.C. chairman, pointed out the T.U.C. had not considered this, Frank Cousins brusquely told Sir Tom not to interrupt.

### Masterly

THROUGHOUT last week, when his union held its conference at Torquay, Mr Cousins spoke 50 times, his deputy, Mr Harry Nicholas, twice, and the other 13 national officers were left out in the cold.

Were they upset? Some were. But the delegates loved Mr Cousins. He could not give them enough. His manner was masterly. An analysis of his manner was revealing. It was not nearly as "left" as his reputation.

If Mr Cousins does plan to raise himself to domination of the whole trade union movement of Britain, little of what he said



last week can be thrown back to embarrass him in the future.

### Selfish?

HE rebuked me recently for describing him as selfish. This was before his make-hogging marathon at Torquay. He swore to me then that he is not selfish. I accept that.

But another word, another description, must be found for what some of his enemies call his megalomania, and others his exhibitionism. Oh, yes, Mr Cousins has made enemies, and he knows it.

It is a matter which he shrugs off with surprising indifference. I say surprising, for this Yorkshire ex-miner, ex-lorry driver gets in for perceptive self-analysis with extraordinary detachment, and he must realise that for any man seeking power friends are more useful than enemies.

And now we get near to the secret of Frank Cousins. For he has his friends, his devoted admirers. They are the great majority of the members of his union.

For them he works prodigious hours. For most others he has an almost arrogant intolerance. This theory explains both the Treasury incident and the dazzling prominence he allo-

ated to himself at his union's conference last week.

So for "selfish" let us substitute what Cousins himself told me.

"I am jealous for my organisation." And his interpretation of this jealousy is to make certain that none, whether in the inner council chambers of the T.U.C. on public platforms, or in the inner sanctums of Whitehall, may be permitted to forget the importance of the Transport Worker's Union.

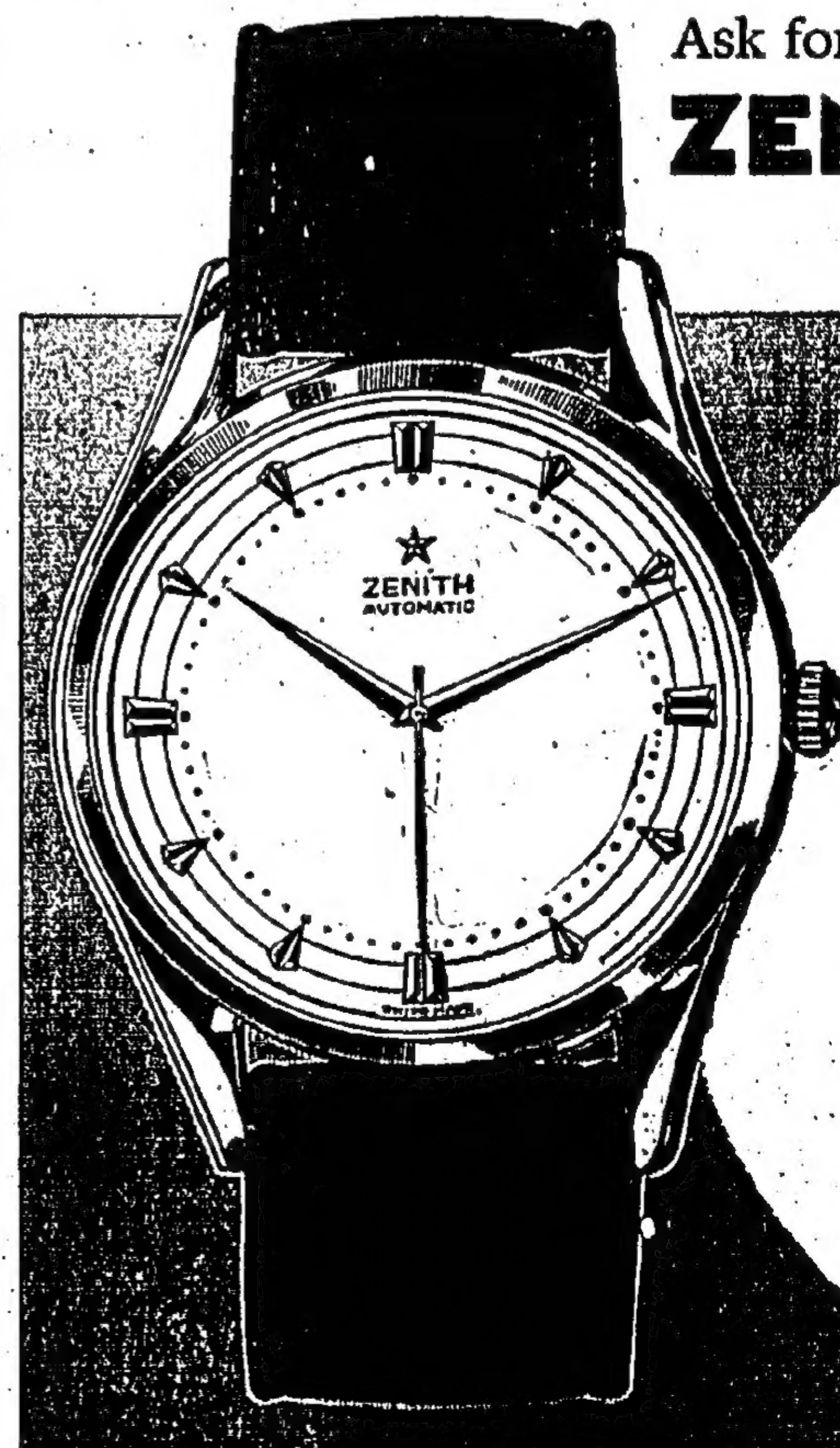
### The future

HE fascinates me. Often he bewilders me. If he doesn't make an unlikely, unholly slip inside his union he is bound, at 52, to be a big shot for years to come.

I hope most of those years will see him as the upholder of law and order.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

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## Continued from page 6 RETURN TO THE ISLANDS by Sir Arthur Grimble

It was an enormous sum by island reckoning. I wanted them out of their misery, and the idea tempted me until my mind asked why the whole island should pay for the work of a few. Then, because I had wavered, I answered tartly: "And what if he dies of his injuries? How much copra then? Or if not copra, who will pay the price?"

I wasn't trying to bluff them. I intended nothing but to blow their case out. But they read my rhetorical questions as meaning that Albert was dying or dead. Since the pastors had saved his life, nobody had conceived of that possibility. I saw their faces suddenly stricken with the thought: the murder of a white man. I could see them thinking all together. Is he dead? And wondering what would happen if he were.

I should have tried to knock the idea out of their heads at once; half of me wanted to, but the cautious half refused. I said instead, "As you're imagining punishments, remember what I told Timoni: no battle cruiser is coming to Arorae."

I added other things—Britain didn't do things like that, and so forth—but they only stared at me in sick silence until I stopped. And then someone whispered, so low that his voice barely came through the blanketing roar of the surf: "Kurimbo... you are our friend... what are you hiding from us?"

### They left in silence

THAT "you are our friend" I shared me into almost shouting the truth: "Don't be silly! I didn't say he was going to die. He's not." But it made no difference. They left without a word.

Next night it was the magistrate alone who came. "Kurimbo," he opened, after some preliminary dithering, "what news have you for us?"

"No news at all for you," I answered, "except what I told these men last night." It was hard on him, perhaps, but his cock-and-bull stuff about seeing nothing when Albert was attacked still rankled. Besides, I wanted no official intermediary between the people and me at that point.

Two evenings later a shabby old voice from the darkness outside announced the arrival of another deputation: "Kurimbo... you shall be blessed... we visit you."

The right answer was: "You shall be blessed. Enter. Enter." As I replied, I set the hurricane lamp on the floor at my feet. Five old men, every one a friend, drifted in forlornly and sat crumpled on the mat beyond it.

Tobacco was passed round, pipes were lit; I talked banalities; they answered with tremulous courtesy; I talked on to those bowed white heads; and that is all that happened.

### Hand-in-hand they waited

THEIR limitless good manners just would not let them pry behind the veil I had myself created. After a heartbreaking hour, I could keep it up no longer; a desolated silence fell upon us.

They rose unsteadily: "Kurimbo... we go... you shall be blessed."

It was hard to see them leave, like that, empty of all but forebodings. I called after them: "No watchup is coming. No watchup. Never. Do you hear?" "We hear," one of them

replied, but they took it as just another evasion.

I went to bed, as miserable as any of them, and was half asleep when I heard low voices in the other room. Ten people were waiting there, grouped in pairs, the five old men of the deputation, each with a younger man clinging to his hand. That way grown men had of holding hands always moved me with its innocence.

One of the elders led his companion forward a step or two: "This is my adopted grandson, Timoni, our son or grand-son," he whispered, and stopped.

### At last they understood

I GUESSED the rest before the young man spoke: "We have stood on guard about this house for three days, waiting for you by night, Kurimbo. And now we have come with our fathers and grandfathers to give ourselves up. We killed that man."

"You didn't kill him, you idiots," I remember shouting. "You didn't kill him; he's not dead; he isn't going to die." I kept on babbling just that and nothing else. It got through to them at last. The old men were weeping. "Our sons will not be hanged?" "No battle cruiser will come?" "You are hiding nothing from us?"—the quivering chorus of questions broke me up completely. I found myself exchanging hugs with all of them.

So the next day the young men came to stand their trial before the native court.

The whole island packed the speak-house. A long, groaning sigh went up as they pleaded guilty to a charge of assault with intent to wound. I could do little for the defence but plead the mitigating circumstances. I took the line that what with the gross threat of the gun, a very light sentence

would suffice to meet the unintended excess of force used in the fear and passion of the moment. But the magistrate turned to the accused: "Tell us," he said to the big, quiet youth who had disarmed and stunned Albert, "were you afraid of the gun?"

### Much too legalistic...

"I WAS not afraid, only angry,"

"And what was in your heart? Did you intend to wound him?"

I cut in to say no law could oblige him to answer that question, but he only smiled at me and turned again to the magistrate: "I wished to wound him. I tried to kill him. I was angry when Timoni's wife interfered."

The others followed his lead. What can a defence do for that kind of pig-headed candour? The magistrate gave them a year each.

My ship arrived two days later, and I took them with me to Ocean Island, picking Albert up from Tarawa by the way. My revered Chief said he'd never seen such a ghastly mess as I had made of everything. My jurisdiction didn't run in the Southern Gilberts District. Nothing I had done had a legal leg to stand on. And why, oh why, he asked, while I was bouncing around the islands exceeding my powers hadn't I exceeded them to the extent of reducing the magistrate's sentences at once. When I said I couldn't be defence counsel in one breath and court of appeal in the next, he said I was too damned legalistic for words. But it didn't really matter. He packed the prisoners back to Arorae within three months.

### NEXT WEEK

The thank-offering of a jealous husband

## BOOM go the exports

By DEREK MARKS and DEREK DALE

Party rally at Bedford. His points:—

THE TRADE GAP is remaining steady, and because of improvements in "invisible" earnings gold and dollar reserves went up by £78,000,000 in the first six months.

STEEL production is up five per cent, COAL production by three per cent, and the output of CARS—many for export—is the highest ever.

Nevertheless, rising prices at home and the rise in imports are producing a situation which could be described as "serious."

But the Cabinet is now hoping that most of the criticism will die down until M.P.s get away for their long summer holiday.

MINISTERS are now showing some cautious optimism about the economic outlook—and the main reason is that Britain's exports are running at the highest level ever.

In the first half of the year goods worth £1,756 million were sold to the world.

As the chart below shows, this was a rise of £85,000,000 over the first six months of last year and of £306 million over the first half of 1955. And dollar exports jumped £15,000,000 to £218 million.

### JOBS GOING

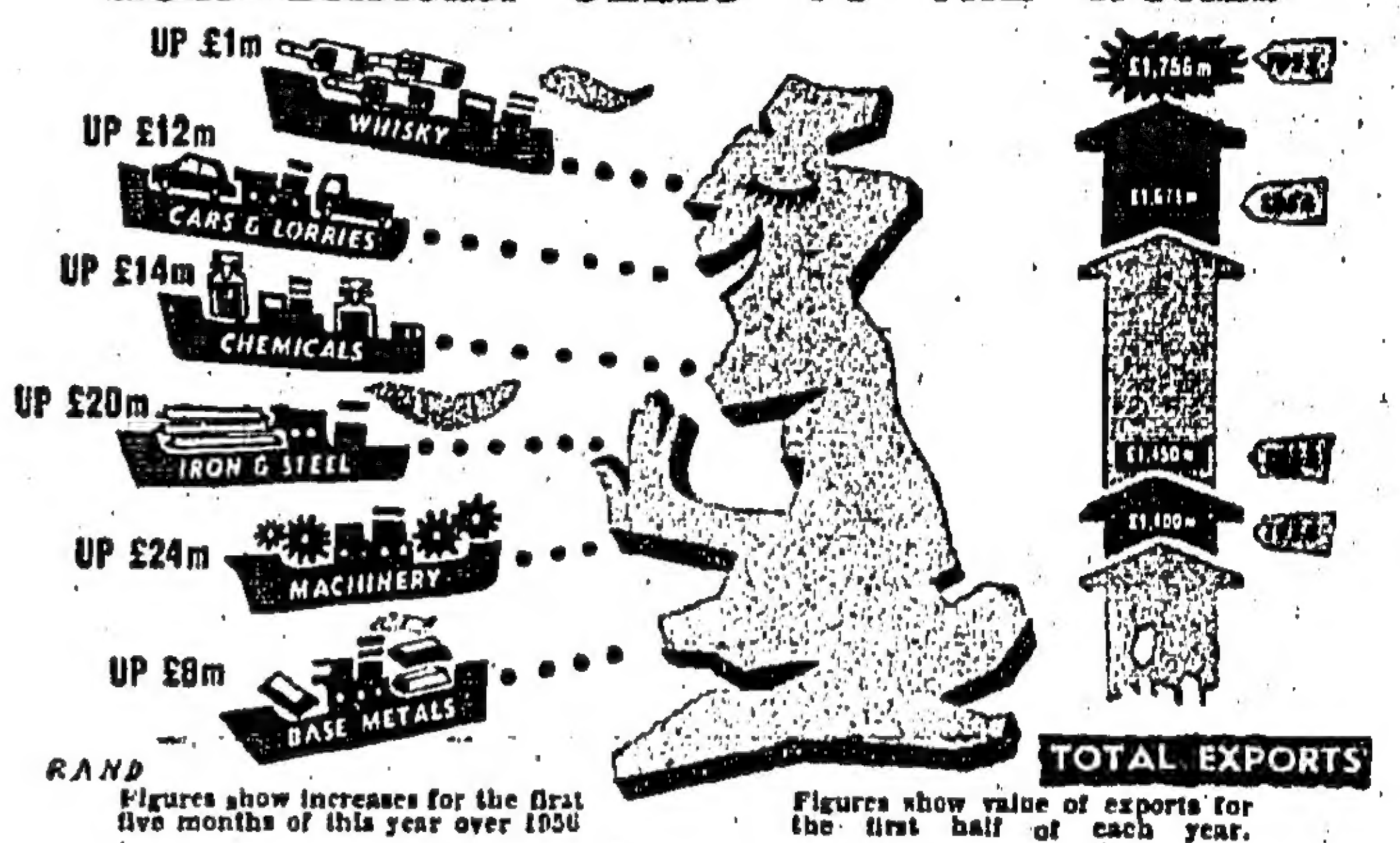
Also on the brighter side: PRODUCTION in the factories up six per cent so far this year.

There are 309,000 JOBS vacant, against 265,000 unemployed.

SAVINGS have risen by £65,000,000 to £6,272 million.

All this will be underlined by Mr Harold Macmillan when he speaks to a Tory

## HOW BRITAIN SELLS TO THE WORLD



Figures show increases for the first five months of this year over 1956

Figures show value of exports for the first half of each year.



## PRINCES, PEERS AND FILM STARS... HER ALLURE DAZZLED THEM ALL...

SUNSHINE splashed pools of light across the room, catching her hair as she stood there—pale and haughty—appraising me with her candid eyes.

"Yours is a fantastic story," I said. "No," she said impatiently. "No, No. I have done nothing that's interesting."

The telephone rang. She excused herself to take a call from St. Martin. Then another, immediately following, from New York.

Finally she returned. "If I had my way," she said, "I'd tear up everything that's ever been written about me." "That would be like tearing up your past," I said.

She gave me a curious look. "Don't you see," she said, "it isn't interesting any more. It just isn't interesting...."

THAT was my first meeting with the woman known as Lady Sylvia Ashley. And that was all she would say.

The title she acquired with her first marriage, and despite four subsequent unions she has never relinquished it.

Douglas Fairbanks, son, married; and Baron Stanley of Alderley; and Clark Gable; and Prince Dmitri Djordjevic.

But still she remains... Lady Sylvia Ashley.

Sylvia Ashley... whose name is legend among the smart set; whose appearance commands instant attention from the maitres d'hotel of two continents; who is called by American society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker: "One of the great sirens of history."

She needs a house? Lord Astor will lend her one. She wants an amusing house guest? Cole Porter will go anywhere for her. She'd like a party? Mrs. Lovell Harris will take over the Stork Club in New York and throw one for her.

A woman, you will perceive, with a very special kind of appeal.

Five marriages, countless romances, and 35 years of spectacular living with the world as her playground have left her face unspelled.

The crowd's feet of experience one looks for around the eyes of a woman of 53 do not exist on the face of Sylvia Ashley. She has come a long way... but you cannot read the log of that journey in her face.

### DISCREET TINT

HERS is a curious beauty. The face is angular with a pronounced jawline. There is a noticeable gap between her two front teeth. Her hair, discreetly tinted, is worn in an old-fashioned style—almost shoulder length with a loose curl at the ends.

An extraordinary woman Sylvia; gay, mannered, haughty, haute-couture important in the society; her charms embracing the best drawing-rooms in the land.

What sort of a person was she?

Why would she never discuss her background? What of her father, of whom so little was known? Was it mere coincidence that of her five marriages three had been to men of title: two to world-famous film stars? Why did the name of Ashley mean so much to her? It had not been a happy marriage.

To find the answers to these and other questions I travelled 12,000 miles—to the canyons of Hollywood and the night-clubs of New York... to America's playground, Palm Beach... to Nassau in the Bahamas... and finally back to London.

To London—and a mean, shabby side-street in Paddington.

THE YEAR was 1904... the beginning of the Edwardian era. Three-terths of the people of London were still living in the borderline of bare subsistence—yet life over all was good.

That year Queen Alexandra visited the Alexandrian Trust in the East End and was served an ordinary meal of the day: oatmeal soup, roast lamb and mint sauce, cabbage and potatoes, plum pudding and coffee. It cost 43d.

It was a world of clear-cut social distinctions.

While the well-to-do spent their leisure time sauntering down Piccadilly, shopping in the arcades or visiting their clubs, the poorer classes spent theirs in the parks, at the music-halls, and in the pubs.

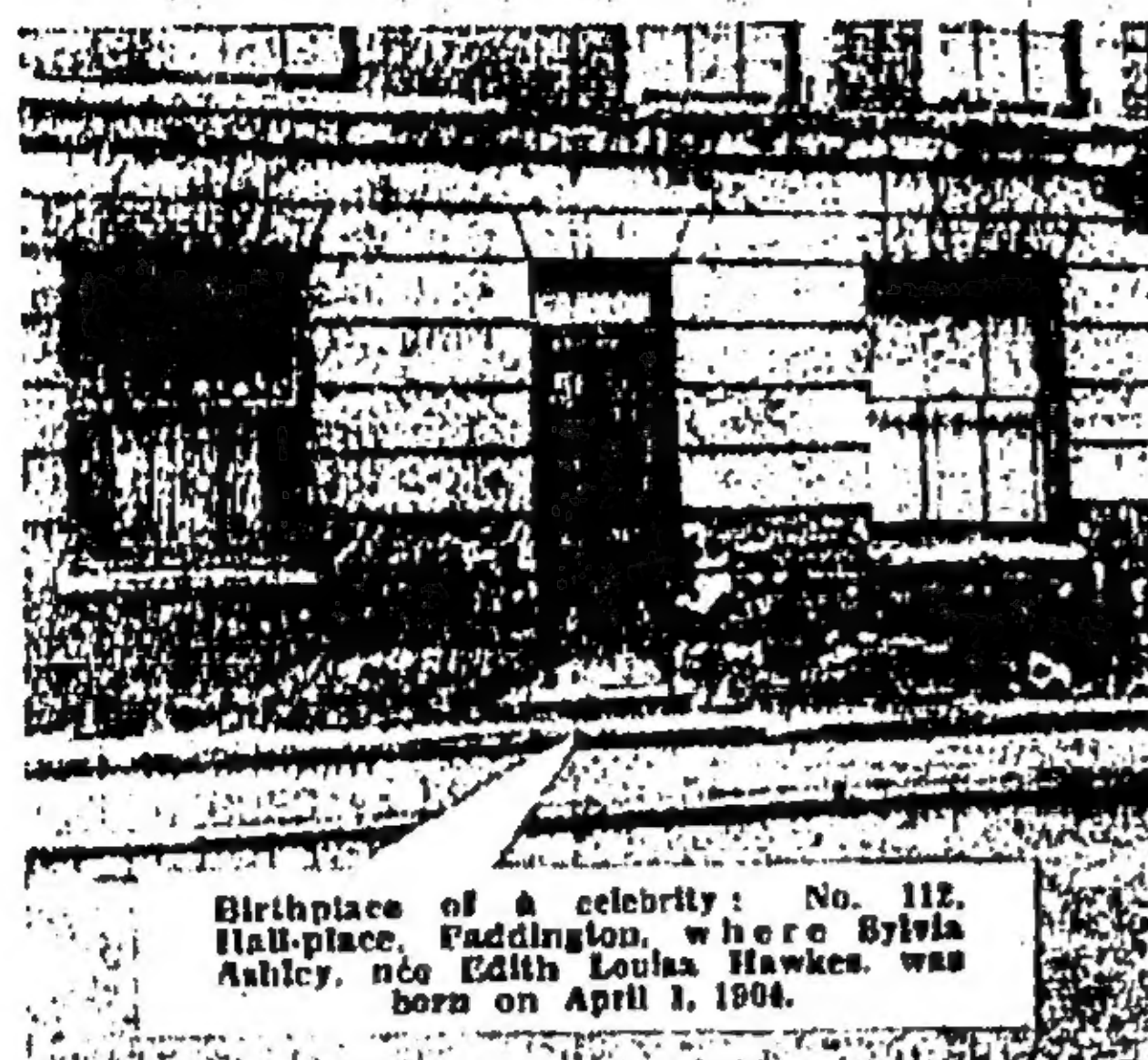
It was a world of change. The old Gaiety had just been demolished. Flats were coming into fashion; the standard of living was rising for all.

Into the world, at 112, Hall Place, Paddington, Sylvia was born on April 1.

### NO FOOL...

THE doctor who delivered the child took a long look at her and told the proud father: "Well—it's April the first... but she looks no fool to me."

Hall Place was a grey, undistinguished street of small, windowed, three-story houses, few of which had baths.



Birthplace of a celebrity. No. 112, Hall-place, Paddington, where Sylvia Ashley, nee Edith Louisa Hawkes, was born on April 1, 1904.

## The search for

# SYLVIA ASHLEY

What is the magical quality that takes a woman from a humble home to the peak of society... the quality that captivates men and arouses envy in women?

Sylvia Ashley has that quality. It has brought her glittering success in the international smart set. And



by  
**RODERICK MANN**

Her father, Arthur Hawkes, was 23—and worked as a runner just around the corner at Henry Ward's horse-repository, in the Edgware Road. With his 21-year-old wife Edith he occupied two rooms on the first floor of No. 112. The rest? 7s. 6d.

They christened the child Edith Louisa.

When she was still small, the family moved across Edgware Road to Wharncliffe Gardens—a huge block of 540 flats bounded on one side by Cunningham Place and on the other by Lissol Grove.

(Five years later Bernard Shaw was to use this street as the birthplace for another girl with a famous story: Eliza Doolittle in Pygmalion.)

It was a great improvement. True, the canal ran right below the windows, and the view was only of railway lines, coal heaps, and water towers—but there was sanitation. And courtyards in which the child could play.

As they sat down for their first meal in the new flat, Arthur Hawkes and his wife decided that the increase in rent—it was paying 9s. 6d. a week—was well worth it.

### FAVOURITE GAME

LIFE at Wharncliffe was fun for "Louie," as she was called.

Her fair hair in curls, her accent unmistakably cockney, her gaily infectious, she played the dolls away.

"Kings and Queens" was her favourite game, though Theatre ran it a close second. All the plays in which Sylvia invariably starred—were acted out on the stone steps of the flats. The price of admission was a toy windmill.

When it rained she stayed in and practised the piano, of which she was very good. Sometimes her father took her down to the Working Men's Club, where she would stand on a table and sing.

On Sunday she would always be dressed in white—and the family would go out in Hawkes's pony-cart, winding up the day with drinks at The Welsh Harp at Hendon.

Life was fun, especially when, in 1910, Sylvia's sister Lillian Vera was born. The two children adored each other.

It was a magic world. And most magical of all were the occasional visits to the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road, to which she was taken as a special treat. The finest glamour of it all captivated her.

Sylvia finished school—at Galsworthy Street, just around the corner—the same year that the war ended—1918.

Her father came back from the Army. He had been a sergeant in the Veterinary Corps.

But it was a melancholy home-coming. There were domestic differences. The parents could not readjust, and a few months later they separated.

Arthur Hawkes moved out to stay with friends. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Hawkes went to live in Luton, taking Vera with her.

Sylvia stayed on at Wharncliffe Gardens, looked after by her Aunt Nell. School behind her, Sylvia began to cast around.

There was one obvious place for an ambitious local girl to go in those days, and it was—literally—starting her in the face: The Great Central Station, a few hundred yards down Lissol Grove.

In a newly bought costume of navy blue she joined the railway as a clerk. Her salary was 10s. 6d.

But she was not satisfied. She wanted glamour; not high stools and ledgers. She wanted a world of handsome men-about-town; not penny-pinching clerks in stiff white collars.

After a few months she left to try her luck in the world of beauty. After several minor positions, she took a job at Madame Forester's Hairdressing and Beauty Salon in Oxford Street—as a manicurist.

Madame Forester says: "She was very pretty. Though not particularly adept at her job, I remember one titled customer meaning to me after Sylvia had attended her: 'She was like a kitten playing with a ball of wool.'"

(It was Madame Forester, incidentally, who gave Sylvia the famous hairstyle which she wears even to this day. When she arrived at the Oxford Street salon her hair was in a fringe.)

"There's no doubt about it," says Madame Forester, "she had something. Why, within a few months of arriving as my salon she was lunching along the street at Frascati's—and that was expensive."

By this time she had adopted the name of Sylvia as her own. She began to make other changes too.

She altered her speaking voice, until her accent was hardly recognizable. She worked hard at her dancing, which she enjoyed, and at her singing—though her voice was not very strong.

She altered her speaking voice, until her accent was hardly recognizable. She worked hard at her dancing, which she enjoyed, and at her singing—though her voice was not very strong.

UP THE LADDER

A FEW months later, confident of her police, her looks, and her accent, she took the next step up the ladder.

She applied for a job as a model at Revillon, the fashion-

house in Hanover Square. And she got it.

Now she was happy... with the touch of fine dresses against her fair skin, the bustle of the salon, the atmosphere of wealth. She was a great success. She looked adorable. "You ought to be an actress," they told her. So she decided to audition at the Winter Garden.

George Grossmith, the producer, a tall man with a turned-up nose, was auditioning in the stalls.

"No. 48—Miss Sylvia Hawkes," announced the assistant stage manager.

Grossmith, weary from a long morning, watched as Sylvia tripped on to the stage and flung some music at the pianist. The piano played *Where My Caravan has Rested*. Sylvia opened her mouth and moved

side of the stage. She's going to play the nurse in our next production.

"I went and looked. A pair of friendly eyes looked back at me from under a nurse's cap. She smiled. She was incredibly beautiful."

They wanted some young people to make up the party. Dorothy Field knew. And, through her, Sylvia was invited. It was the turning point in her career.

THEY were!

And as the weeks went by and she got better parts she began to be noticed.

Dorothy Field, another of the Winter Garden beauties, took Sylvia under her wing. She taught her how to play the ukulele; she introduced her to people.

And Sylvia, with her new-found poise, her new-found accent, and her ever-ready smile, began to be noticed.

Her name was in small type... but she was in the show that mattered. The show to which the smart set of London flocked in 1925. Handsome young Guards officers jostled at the stage door. The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor.

her arms—but Grossmith heard not a word.

After a few moments he shouted: "Don't be nervous. I understand. Just begin your song."

Sylvia flung him a withering look. "I've already sung the first verse," she mopped. "I like you," he said.

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heaps and canal was clear.

Heather Thircher—who was often to appear on the stage with her—saw Sylvia's first day at the Winter Garden.

"George Grossmith drew me on one side and said: 'Go and look at the girl standing on the

sparkle, captivated them. Soon the invitations began flowing in: soon the flowers were knee-deep on the dressing-room floor.

It was intoxicating.

She began going out with the kind of men who had only dreamed about back on her clerk's stool at the Great Central Station: handsome, elegant men; men of wealth and sophistication.

### THEY PEERED



At a London charity event Sylvia Ashley (back to the camera) chats to the Duke of Kent (father of the present Duke). Right centre: Mrs. Archie Campbell, Sylvia's friend from her show days.

As she stepped out—glowing in the silver lame evening coat she had bought—a hundred faces peered down from a hundred windows.

The sentiment was the same at each one: "Louie Hawkes has done herself all right."

Her father thought the same—and was proud of her. Though he saw her only on rare occasions.

In 1925 two major events took place.

Sylvia moved for good from Wharncliffe and took a £5-a-week ground floor flat at 10, West Halkin Street, just off Belgrave Square.

She and her close friend Dorothy Field were invited to join a cruise on board a yacht chartered by the Duke of Sutherland.

Usually the duke and duchess spent the winter on the Riviera, like so many of their friends. On this occasion they decided that a cruise to North Africa would be more amusing.

They wanted some young people to make up the party. Dorothy Field knew. And, through her, Sylvia was invited. It was the turning point in her career.

The cruise—in the yacht *Albion*—enlivened her. The Duke, Bathurst, and Marquess. Dorothy shot a crocodile. Sylvia caught an 8lb. fish.

But more important—she found herself being accepted. Without qualifications. Nobody patronised her; though she was

... AND WON FOR HER FIVE HUSBANDS



With husband No. 4... Clark Gable.

## The bombshell: 'There will be no wedding...'

naive enough. Nobody questioned her. She was one of the group.

When Sylvia Hawkes came back from that cruise she knew she had accomplished a feat almost without parallel in those days—she had crossed the unbridgeable gap between Paddington and Park Lane.

But her greatest triumph was yet to come. With Dorothy, she joined the Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole.

The Follies was the first high-class night-show London had ever had. The average cost of the concert was £1,000 a week. Around midnight, the vestibule of the hotel was like Debutante come to life. You couldn't see the carpet for the titled young men and handsome Guardsmen all jostling for the privilege of talking the girls to supper.

The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor; so was Prince George (later the Duke of Kent).

Within a month, Sylvia Hawkes was the toast of the town.

After the shows (she and Dorothy were both "doubling" at the Winter Garden and the Metropole) there were always a

dozen escorts ready and willing to take her to the night-spot of her choice.

"Uncle's" in Albemarle Street—which the Prince of Wales loved; the Embassy Club—where everyone went on Thursdays; Murray's River Club—by Maidenhead Bridge.

By the winter of 1926 she had moved into her last London show, *The Whole Town's Talking*, at the Strand.

And put her way into the heart of 26-year-old Lord Anthony Ashley.

Ashley was a pleasant, dark young man, educated at Eton and Cambridge. At the University he had studied agriculture. He liked dancing and he had won himself something of a reputation as a jazz drummer.

### MADLY IN LOVE

HAVING viewed Sylvia only once over the footlights, he arranged an introduction, flattered his first "Hello"... and fell madly in love with her.

To have a handsome young nobleman at her feet was flattering enough.

But Ashley was no ordinary aristocrat.

He was heir to the Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the King's Household, and one of George V's closest friends. The Countess of Shaftesbury—Extra Lady of the Bedchamber—was an intimate friend of Queen Mary.

... AND WON FOR HER FIVE HUSBANDS

Their magnificent seventeenth-century family seat at Wimbome St Giles in Dorset—standing in a beautiful wooded park—was a show place. Their motto "Love: Serve!" was an impressive one.

Lord Ashley was indeed a catch.

As he and Sylvia began to be seen around the town the romance became, inevitably, the talk of Mayfair. But it was a mere whisper compared with the rumour that was soon to be heard.

One day, towards the end of January, 1927, Sylvia was seen wearing a magnificent polka-dot diamond. Yes, she and Ashley admitted they were indeed engaged.

When would the wedding be? They would not say.

At his country seat, the Earl of Shaftesbury heard the news—and choked.

"It cannot be," he said. "It must not be."

'UNTHINKABLE'

HIS two daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper—both, according to the columns of the day, "expert dancers who have few rivals in the latest steps"—seemed strangely unenthusiastic about the prospect of having the dancing Sylvia as a sister-in-law.

"Such an alliance is unthinkable," Lady Dorothy was reported as saying to a friend.

The news had reached Wharncliffe too... and people there could talk of little else. Everyone congratulated Arthur Hawkes.

But he shook his head. He knew nothing of the engagement.

In the last week of January, 1927, he wrote to the Earl of Shaftesbury, asking if the stories about his daughter and the earl's son were true.

He got his reply. There was no truth in the rumours. They were completely false.

FROM THE WINGS

But the earl was under-estimating the charm of Sylvia Hawkes. And the determination of his son.

The couple went ahead with their plans, amid a welter of speculation. The wedding was fixed for February 3 at St Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Then, two days before the wedding, the Earl of Shaftesbury sprang a bombshell.

### CONSTERNATION!

TO the newspapers he announced:

"There will be no wedding. My son is not engaged to marry Miss Sylvia Hawkes."

Consternation in society circles. And knowing-looks at Wharncliffe Gardens.

But it was a futile announcement.

For, despite the pleas of his parents that the union was bound to prove disastrous, Tony Ashley's mind was made up.

"You are wasting your time," he told them.

The night before the wedding he had arranged to stay at the Knightsbridge home of his good friend Archie Campbell—who had married Sylvia's friend Dorothy Field.

### DIFFICULTY

TOWARDS bedtime the phone rang in the Campbell's hall. The butler, answered it, and had some difficulty understanding who was calling.

Finally, he announced to Mrs. Campbell: "There's a Lord... Raspberry. It sounds like Lord Ashley."

The Earl of Shaftesbury, his voice shaking with emotion, was making a final attempt to dissuade his son from marriage.

Ashley refused to take the call.

The morning of February 3 dawned grey and overcast.

Shortly after first light, a large touring car swept out of the gates of the Shaftesbury estate in Dorset and headed towards London at high speed.

At the wheel was a uniformed chauffeur. In the back seat sat the grim-lipped earl and countess, bound for West Halkin Street and a last effort to make Sylvia see reason.

Just after nine, the big car pulled up outside her flat and the earl and countess jumped out.

Leaving his wife outside on the pavement, the 68-year-old Earl bounded up the short flight of steps and hammered on Sylvia's door.

AT that very same moment Arthur Hawkes was putting on his best suit in Carlisle Place, Paddington.

He had not been invited to the wedding, which upset him.

But he was determined to watch it from the wings. For he was proud of his Sylvia. It was not every horse-keeper's daughter who could marry into society.

Then, just as he was setting out, a friend broke the news to him.

"Arthur... they've said that you are dead."

Next week

ENTER  
DOUGLAS  
FAIRBANKS









Battle scene behind them — but the battles being refought at the Ritz Garden were those of old girls of St. Stephen's Girls' College at their annual Alumni Ball. Left to Right: Mr Tai Hon-fan, Miss K. D. Cherry (Headmistress), Mrs Tai (rotating President), Mr Ip Tai-chiu, and the new President Mrs Chan Fung-chau.  
RIGHT: The arrival at Kai Tak of C-in-C Far East Air Force, the Earl of Bandon for a short stay with the AOC (Hongkong) Air Commodore A. D. Messenger at Air House. The Earl, leading, his ADC, and Air Commodore Messenger are seen before the imposing engines of an RAF Hastings. (Staff Photographers)



Mr and Mrs N. C. Chou arrive at the suitably guarded door of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club for a buffet supper in aid of the Hongkong Sea School. (Staff Photographer)



CBF (Hongkong) Lt-General E. M. Bastyan is seen with Brig. J. G. C. Waldron (centre) aboard the troopship Asturias which carried men of the 1st Royal Sussex back to Blighty from Korea. The CO Lt-Col. R. B. de F. Sleoman is seen at left. (Army News)

LEFT: Rotary Hospitality for Dr Norman Vincent Peale, the distinguished American preacher and religious writer, (left) who was entertained by Mr and Mrs W. S. Anderson at the 'Tal Tung Restaurant.

RIGHT: Colleagues of the groom pose with the bridal couple outside Rosary Church where David Chen of the Morning Post married Kathleen Wong. (Staff Photographers)



The son of Dr and Mrs C. F. X. da Roxa of Hongkong was married in Sussex recently—above Dr Anthony da Roxa and his bride Nora Colbert.



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HONGKONG



SMILES (above) when C. Benn and J. Read carried off the house cup for Balmoral House at the annual Minden Row Junior School swimming sports; and (right) when 20 men of the Green Howards arrived at the Hongkong Electric Co. Recreation Club to be entertained by the Society of Yorkshiremen in Hongkong. (Staff Photographers)



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10-Year Governor returns . . . Sir Alexander, whose term has far outstripped that of any predecessor, returns from consultations with Mr Alan Lennex-Boyd.

LEFT: And the BOAC "Holiday Special" comes back with other citizens bound for a shorter stay.



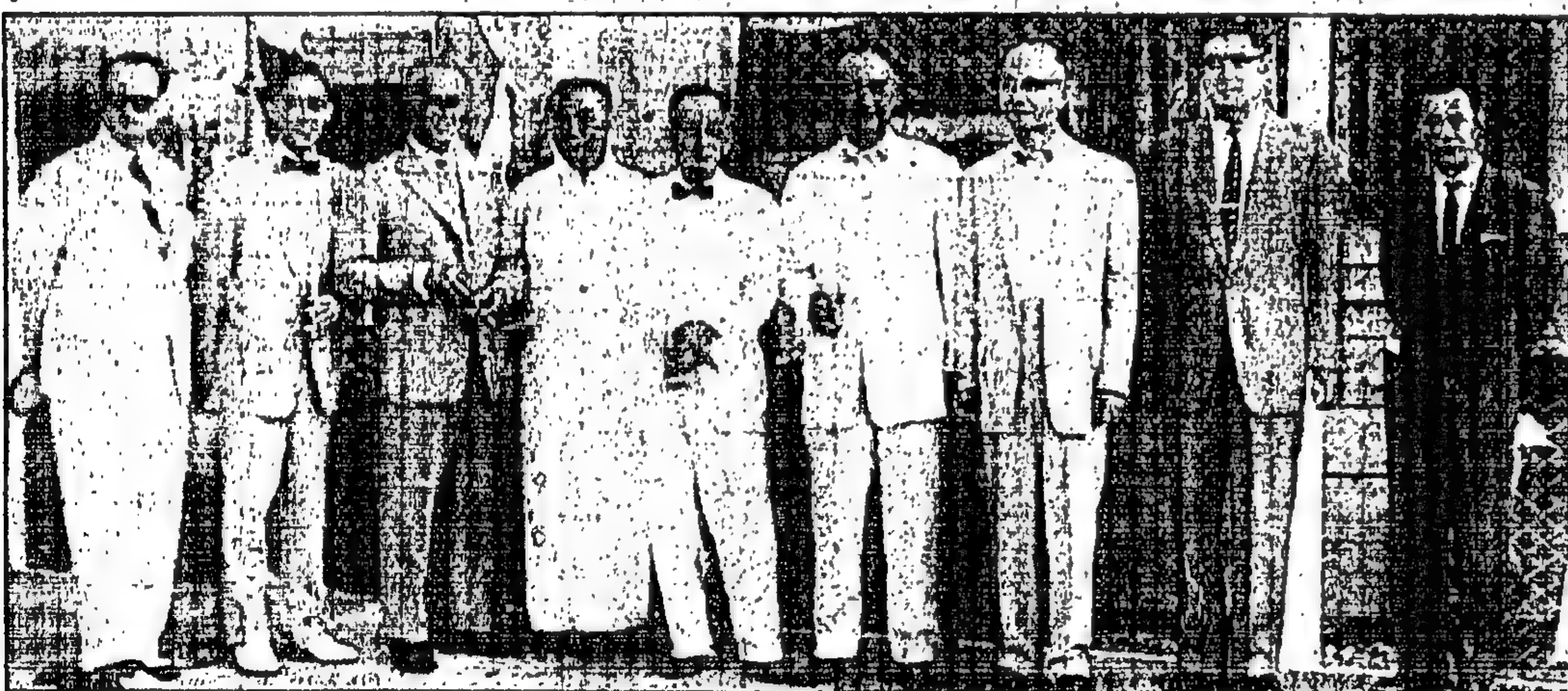
Sergeant Colin Kirk (R.A.P.C.) and Josephine Blackhouse who were married at Union Church.  
(Staff Photographer)



Hongkong Contingent—12 Scouts—wave farewell on their way to the World Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield. Many of them have invitations to stay with families in England when the Jamboree is done.

LEFT: Flight Sergeant William Pagon and his bride Flora Belcher are flanked outside St John's Cathedral by Flight Sergeant Kenneth Whittington and Mrs Jean Ariss (left) and Flight Lieutenant Phillipson with Barbara Whittington (right).  
(Staff Photographers)

BELOW: Mr James O'Leary and his bride Margaret Rachel—and a cake.



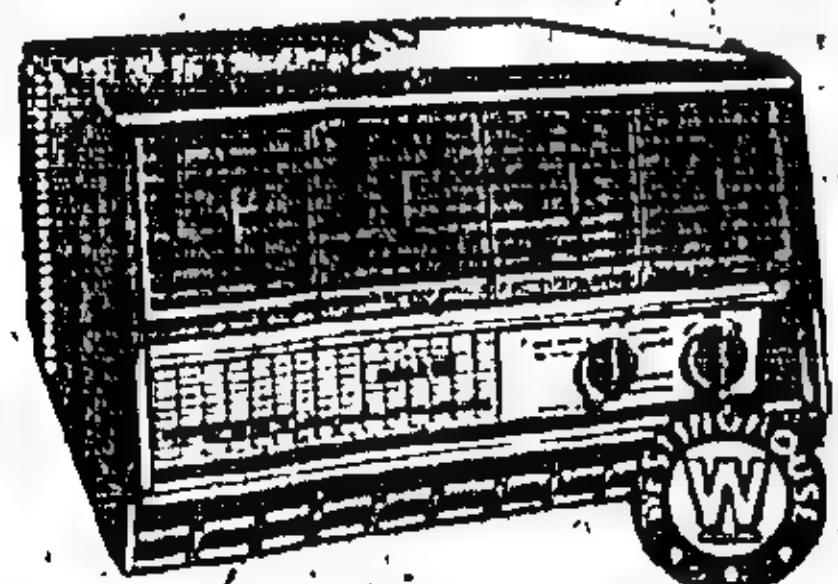
The Hon. J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, is seen with Hongkong Jaycees after opening their new playground for poor children at Shamshulpo.

BELOW: More than 200 boys of 14 Cub Packs competed in the Colony Cub sports meeting at La Salle College. Some of the competitions didn't even need prizes.  
(Staff Photographers)



Judy Dann and Judy Ann . . . the bigger one in 1952 was Miss Hongkong and lay 4th in the Miss Universe contest. Since that time she's become Mrs. Tom Woo. Now she is back in Hongkong for a 3 months visit with her parents and hopes to squeeze a motion picture performance into the time as well.  
(Staff Photographer)

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# ON HIS WAY: THE FIRST MAN FROM OUTER SPACE...

FOR SHEER COOL NERVE... I THINK THIS SAGA RANKS WITH SOME OF THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME...

IT is the story of the year. It is human and it is melodramatic. It has simplicity and grandeur. You can look at it as one man's adventure. Or you can see in it a new milestone in the saga of mankind.

It is a simple story. One morning in the near future two young men will go on a journey. They will travel in an aluminium cylinder attached to a plastic bag filled with helium gas. This balloon will be released and will rise for one and a half hours or more. Then, when the two men in the cylinder have passed 100,000ft. and have ventured further from the earth than any other before them, they will return.

One man will return to the earth in the gondola of the balloon. The other will come back by himself.

The plan is that a young man, made human being, shall cast himself into space some 20 miles above the earth.

Like a meteorite he will fall through the freezing void. He will hurtle through the cloud layers and only when he is 10,000ft. above the earth will his parachute open.

This journey from space may last 10 minutes. Ten minutes is a long time. If you are falling through space 10 seconds is a long time.

It is a long, long, long time in space.

This human being is to risk his life for a specific purpose. Scientists want to know if men will be able to abandon safely the aeroplanes which, before long, will fly this high.

The first field research into the future problems of spacemen manning projected man-made satellites must begin.

Other forms of life, from apes to fruit flies, have been fired into space, riding in rockets, and they have returned with the stories that scientific instruments tell for them.

But before men can venture into this no-man's land, one man must be willing to sacrifice himself on the first patrol.

The man who is willing to do this happens to be an American. It would be just as exciting if he was a Russian or a Briton.

He is a typical, intelligent, healthy, male human being. He will be our representative in space. It is likely that he will be a Captain Henry Nielson.

The forces that Captain Nielson will meet during his plunge into this unknown place would, a few years ago, have been regarded as insuperable.



by TOM POGO  
WHO HAS BEEN PRETTY HIGH IN THE SKY HIMSELF

Outward bound, he should be moderately comfortable.

The gondola of the balloon will have been cooled with dry ice so that this body-heat will not become unbearable. He will be softly slung in nylon among the electric circuits of the radio transmitters, the recording apparatus, and the machines that will supply him with heat and air.

## PERILS

As he passes 70,000ft. and leaves behind the world of aeroplanes he will be already deep in the first danger zone.

At this height the unprotected human body cannot survive a second. If the insulation of pressure, heat, and air should fail, three things will happen. At once blood will boil and in a single, foaming explosion burst the heart and brain.

Even if this physical reaction were not inevitable, a human body at this height would, in a matter of seconds, die from cold or from lack of air.

Into this dead region a man is now to go. He will, of course, be encased in the trappings of scientific caution.

He will wear a powerful G-suit to press in upon his body, simulating the pressure of the atmosphere. A pressure-tight transparent dome will encase his head.

He will be electrically heated. Air—prepared to an exact recipe—will be pumped into his lungs. The pulse of life in his heart and lungs will be electrically recorded.

He will begin his 20-mile dive with the best scientific insurance policy that is now possible. It is expected that he will be fully conscious all the way down.

Then the thick air around the earth will slow him to a steady 120 miles an hour until increasing pressure triggers his parachute's ripcord.

This nightmare high-dive calls for courage. It will need a new sort of courage. Something of the cool courage with which the brave can face a slow death.

Something of the flamboyant courage that can stir the blood like a bugle call. This man, now preparing for his ordeal, needs all of these.

It is probable that he will never be able to describe his journey in words. Only a Byron in a space-suit could tell of this fall from the heavens.

He will probably be curt and laconic. His predecessor in the heights, a Captain Joe Kittinger, was so when, in another balloon, he reached 98,000ft. in June.

After two and a half hours floating at this height he was ordered by radio to descend. He refused. Again the order. He replied: "Come and get me!" But that little joke made in that vast and awful place is, to me, the most convincing proof that men can accept the challenge of the oceans of space.

## POCKET CARTOON

By OSBERT LANCASTER



# The Court of Last Resort steps in



DR. SAM SHEPPARD  
Convicted December 1954.

officials—they called us meddlers and we had no official standing. But since that first case in which we cleared a man called Clarence Boggie, in Walla Walla, Washington, we have been getting stronger support.

"Sometimes even we've convinced the District Attorney who prosecuted that there had been a miscarriage of justice. We can tackle only about eight cases a year. There is an exhaustive check, of course, before we begin. A prisoner must have exhausted every legal remedy, he must have no ordinary legal help.

"So far as we know there is no other organisation anywhere in the world like the Court of Last Resort. But Gardner is taking a deep interest in his visits to Britain in the procedure of the Home Office, and maybe some day in America we will have a system like that."

## 'Fantastic'

THE court is running into trouble in Columbus. Judge Edward Blythin, who was on the Bench during the 10-week trial of Dr. Sheppard, protested: "It's nothing short of fantastic that a group of private individuals who have no evidence to offer should be allowed inside the Ohio penitentiary to meddle with a prisoner."

But the Court of Last Resort is not likely to be held back by hard words.

It never has been. And if Eric Stanley Gardner has anything to do with it, it never will.

Henry Lowrie

## No fees

HELPING them are Gene Lowall, newspaper reporter turned investigator, and Mrs Lucille Wright, assistant to Steeger.

Lowall, explaining the set-up, said: "There is a constant flow of appeals for help. Maybe 20 a week from prisoners, from relatives and do-gooders."

"Many of the appeals are bare-faced attempts to get out of prison, and Mrs Wright and I, who screen the letters, can usually spot them right away."

"But when we are convinced an appeal is genuine we put it to court members by telegram and phone call. They decide when to step in."

"No fee is ever charged a prisoner, no matter how expensive the case. Somebody interviews the prisoner, others call on witnesses and officials, and lie detector tests are made."

"When we have enough new evidence to establish our case it is presented to the proper authorities and they take over."

"These poor souls we have freed had gone through every legal trick in the book right up through the Appeals Court and even to the Supreme Court, and lost out. Yet we were able to satisfy everyone they had been imprisoned, usually for life, on mistakes."

"We had a lot of trouble at first getting co-operation from

New York. The U.S. is today being shaken by a murder case verdict in a way that Britain knows well from the Evans-Christie controversy.

Right into the middle of the U.S. case now steps the Court of Last Resort—a remarkable private organisation that in nine years has won freedom for 30 men convicted of murder.

It has proved they were wrongfully convicted. Can it now prove the innocence of Dr Sam Sheppard, soiled for life for beating his wife Marilyn to death three years ago?

It was a trial that held America spellbound. And when, after being out for 102 hours, the jury found Sheppard guilty of second-degree murder, he once more calmly protested his innocence.

## Reopened

A 23-YEAR-OLD drug addict, Donald Wedler, has now confessed to the murder.

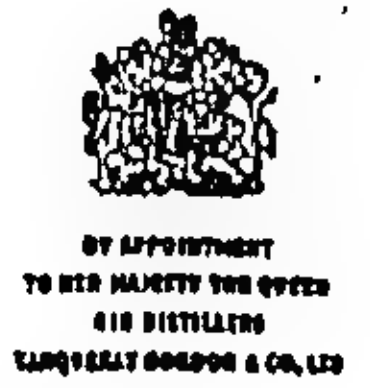
The case has been re-opened. And the Court of Last Resort is moving into Columbus, Ohio, where Sheppard lies in gaol.

The Court of Last Resort was conceived by the world's most popular thriller author, 62-year-old Eric Stanley Gardner, creator of famed Perry Mason, adventures lawyer.

More than 90,000,000 copies of Gardner's mystery thrillers have been sold. He can think up a new plot in 30 minutes, but it was years of anxiety about miscarriage of justice that went into his greatest work, the setting up of the Court of Last Resort.

He was holidaying in Mexico in '48 when he brought his idea to a head and explained it to Harry Steeger, publisher of Argosy Magazine. They called in some friends, who were con-

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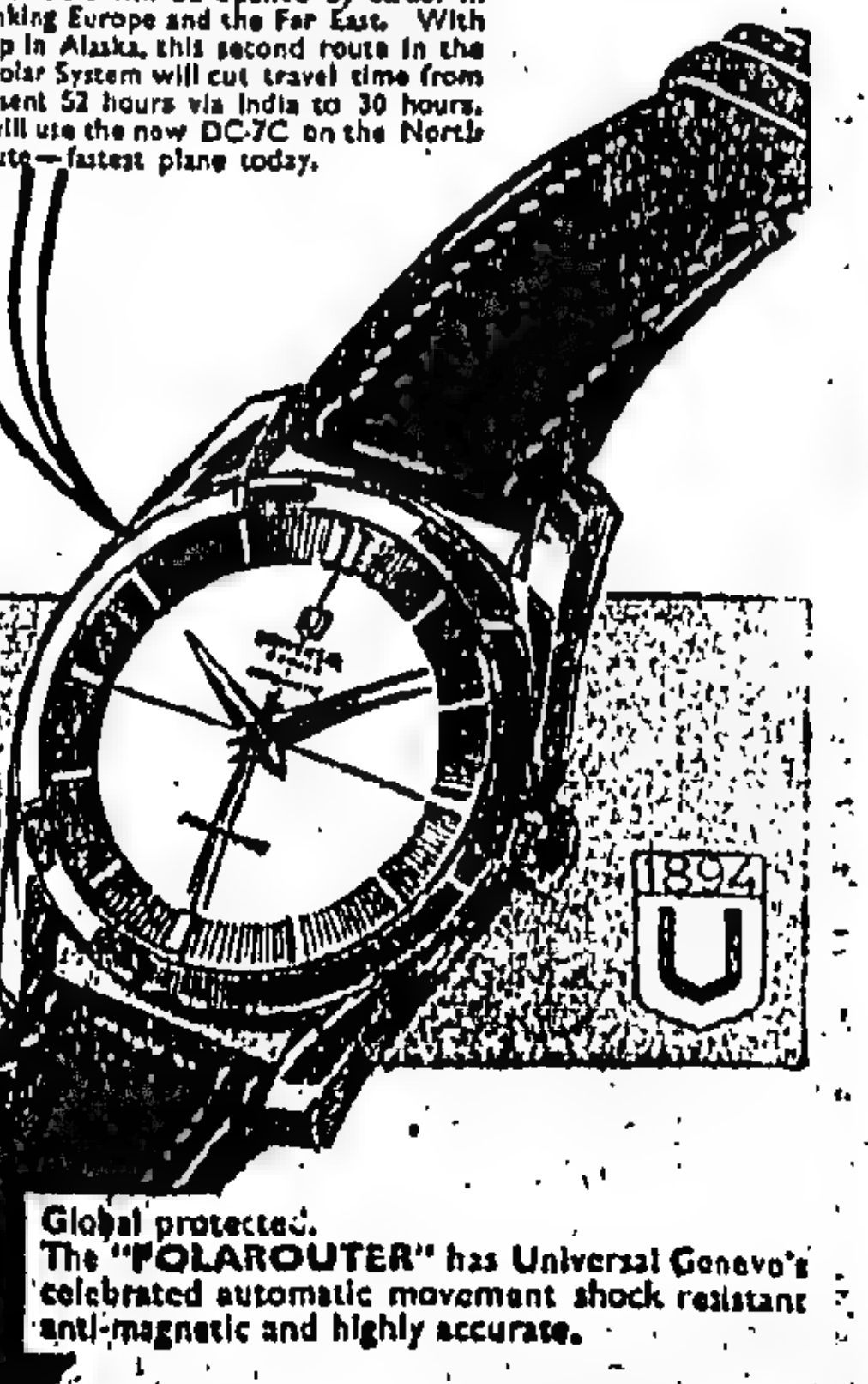
Universal, whose factory is the most modern in Switzerland, designed the watch and fittingly named it the POLAROUTER.

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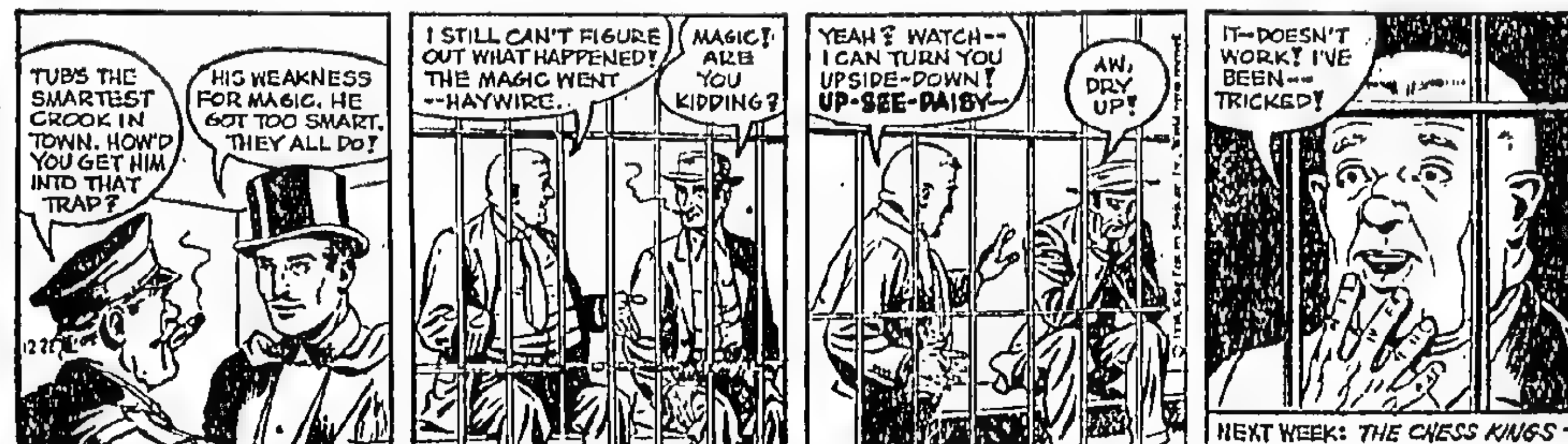
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# A Man of Little Faith in the GREAT AMERICAN DREAM

MARQUAND'S prose is a kind of mental purgative. His countrymen shudder at the thought of him—as small boys shudder at the thought of a ghost.

But they read him because they feel better for it. Those who have achieved the success advocated by the National Association of Manufacturers and extolled by the whisky advertisements feel better because Marquand understands them well enough to bring to the surface whatever trace of humility remains within. Those who have not felt better in the realization that life at the top is not so good after all.

John P. Marquand was clearly born to purge the rich. His family had been rich New Englanders with pedigrees going back to 1732 when the first Marquand sailed from Guernsey.

The first American-born Marquand managed comfortably in the twin businesses of merchant and privateer and, indeed, became so rich that he felt constrained to pray "Lord, stay Thy hand. Thy servant hath had enough."

But John P.'s father was ruined in the great financial panic of 1907. As a consequence of his father's downfall, he went to live with two maiden aunts. "I was a well-bred little boy and the rug was pulled out from under me," he explains. There are those who think that he did not fall very far.

He went to a decent school and on to Harvard. But it was

## PROFILE JOHN PHILLIPS MARQUAND by Les Armour

the wrong school and, consequently, he was not elected to any of the socially acceptable clubs at Harvard.

From there he went to work in an advertising agency. Clearly, however, his disillusionment with the Great American Dream was already so deep-set that he was doomed to failure.

His employer tactfully suggested that he retire from the business on the grounds that he did not have the "business instinct."

Promptly, he wrote a bad historical novel—and sold it for two thousand dollars.

Shortly afterwards he was approached by a couple of young men who wanted to interest him in putting up a little money for a new magazine. Marquand counted his money and decided that he needed a new pair of shoes. He accordingly refused to lend any.

The magazine was "Time." Marquand, however, had no need of a magazine to help him make his money. By the middle twenties—when he was in his early thirties—he was a best-selling novelist.

### Good to quit Boston

By this time, too, he had married Christina Sedgwick, daughter of a rich Bostonian. Marquand found his in-laws a little irritating. They found him a doubtful quantity. Novelists, after all, are apt to be a little unstable.

The break came when Marquand decided to blow the top off Deacon Hill with a book called "The Late George Apley." The book chronicled the rivalry, competitiveness and ultra-gentle snobbery which concealed a sort of robber-baron rapacity.

Christina looked at the manuscript and said quietly: "That's a good book to write if you want to leave Boston."

The book was finally published in 1937, the year in which Marquand married his second wife, Adelaide Hooker.

Thereafter, the snobs and the tycoons had little peace. Marquand, meanwhile, moved comfortably into his present home on Kent's Island, Newburyport, Massachusetts, and settled down to enjoy a close-up view of the devastation he wrought.

At the same time, he invented Mr Moto, a gentlemanly Japanese detective whose adventures with crime were entirely

harmless and incredibly profitable to Mr Marquand. Now, after a suitable interlude to allow those in whom the war might have dulled appreciation of Mr Moto to recover their balance, Marquand has revived him.

This time he is working, naturally, for American intelligence—and he is not quite so carefree. The matters he deals with now have a slightly nightmarish quality—indicating, perhaps, that years of pumping high explosives at his countrymen have left Marquand himself a little shell-shocked.

Mr Moto, however, was never more than a diversion. The serious business went on—on through "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," "So Little Time," "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A." The last chapter, published in 1955, was called "Sincerely, Willis Wayne."

Wayne, a young man who scrambles up the industrial ladder through the good offices of an ancient Bostonian family, the Harcourts, lives long enough to take over the business and close it down ruthlessly.

Naturally Wayne starts out as a young man whose ideals are those of the Saturday Evening Post's industrial commentator—tempered only by the desire to temper eventually kills the ideal and leaves only the faintest bad conscience. That faint conscience is described in loving detail by Marquand. To him it is the one redeeming feature in his otherwise totally repellent characters.

The Marquand thesis is, simply, that the unfettered pursuit of material goods and the pursuit of the good life are totally incompatible.

The veneer of "good life" poured on by the proper Bostonian involves either living a world bearing no relation to reality or living a constant hypocrisy.

Naturally, this has not made him personally popular—no matter how many masochists may queue up to buy his books. Marquand said not so long ago: "I have three friends and two of them don't like me."

### Overground Sabotage

That, of course, is an exaggeration but, if it were not for the fact that the white-haired, soft-voiced Marquand gives every outward appearance of living and liking the good aristocratic life, there would be no doubt of a lot of people ready to investigate him for subversion. If anyone has subverted the American Way of Life it is certainly Marquand.

The trouble is he doesn't live like a subvert. And he has even remained, as he was born, a Unitarian.

What could be more proper than a Unitarian Harvard man with a farm on Kent's Island and membership cards to the Century and the Somerset Clubs?

# Yes, parties can be so very awkward



WATCH for this name: Shura Cherkassky. It belongs to a bouncing, vital little man—full height 5 ft.—who is fast becoming one of the best-known names in British concert halls. In the last year Cherkassky has climbed from the ranks of the almost unknown, playing to unenthusiastic audiences to a £15,000 a year place among the leading pianists of Europe. Because of his height he presents an astonishing picture as he plays.

### He wriggles

ANYTHING written for the top notes of the piano is out in Europe. Why? To them he wriggles along his stool, slapping at the keys on the way like a hen picking corn. To play with both hands at the bottom of the piano Cherkassky repeats his wriggle back along the stool. To play with one hand at the top of the keyboard and one hand at the bottom he almost stands up.

### He swims

NOW, in the last few years, Cherkassky has started concentrating his appearances in Europe. Why?

In an accent that still has more than a trace of Russia he says: "It will do me good in America. They like people to have a European reputation."

What life does Cherkassky lead away from the piano? For exercise he swims. For relaxation he sunbathes. He doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink.

"I don't drink because it brings out the worst in me. It can be very awkward when people give champagne parties. When I say I don't drink they think I am a nut. I am not. A few drinks make me so objectable I don't even like myself."

"There is nothing I like better than a good meal. But my doctor says I am too fat. Anyway, nobody likes a pudgy little man."

"Three days a week I just have fruit and milk. I can't go on a steady diet. I don't like it. So for the other four days I eat what I like. It's marvellous."

But is it effective? "I don't know. I don't think so. But it's marvellous."

To sample the pre-diet Cherkassky, listen to his recordings of the Tchaikovsky First and Second Piano Concertos (Deutsche Grammophon D.G.M. 18013 and 18292, 33 rpm).

Cherkassky's immaculate technique produces notes that are normally never heard—but should be. He can be tender and delicate, stern and exciting. His interpretation has pure beauty. His try-to-kill-drunk idea comes through—even on a record.

But better still go and hear him in person. He is one of the few pianists well worth watching.

### RECORDS

by PETER BUCHAN

THE RED MARTEN. By Peter Nisser. Michael Joseph. 15s. Long and masterly novel tracing the fortunes of a farming family in 18th- and 19th-century Sweden, told in prose as tough and close-grained as oak. Using his own family history as background material, Nisser evokes a land shadowed by witchcraft, savagery and the seasons. The translation (by Naomi Walford) is so good as to be unnoticeable.

SWITCHBOARD. By Roger Longley. Faber. 15s. Gay, beguiling story of love and advertising on the Knightsbridge circuit, with a hectically funny section on the coming of commercial TV. Longley traps dialogue with an ear like a pitcher plant, but allows his victims to twitter for too long.

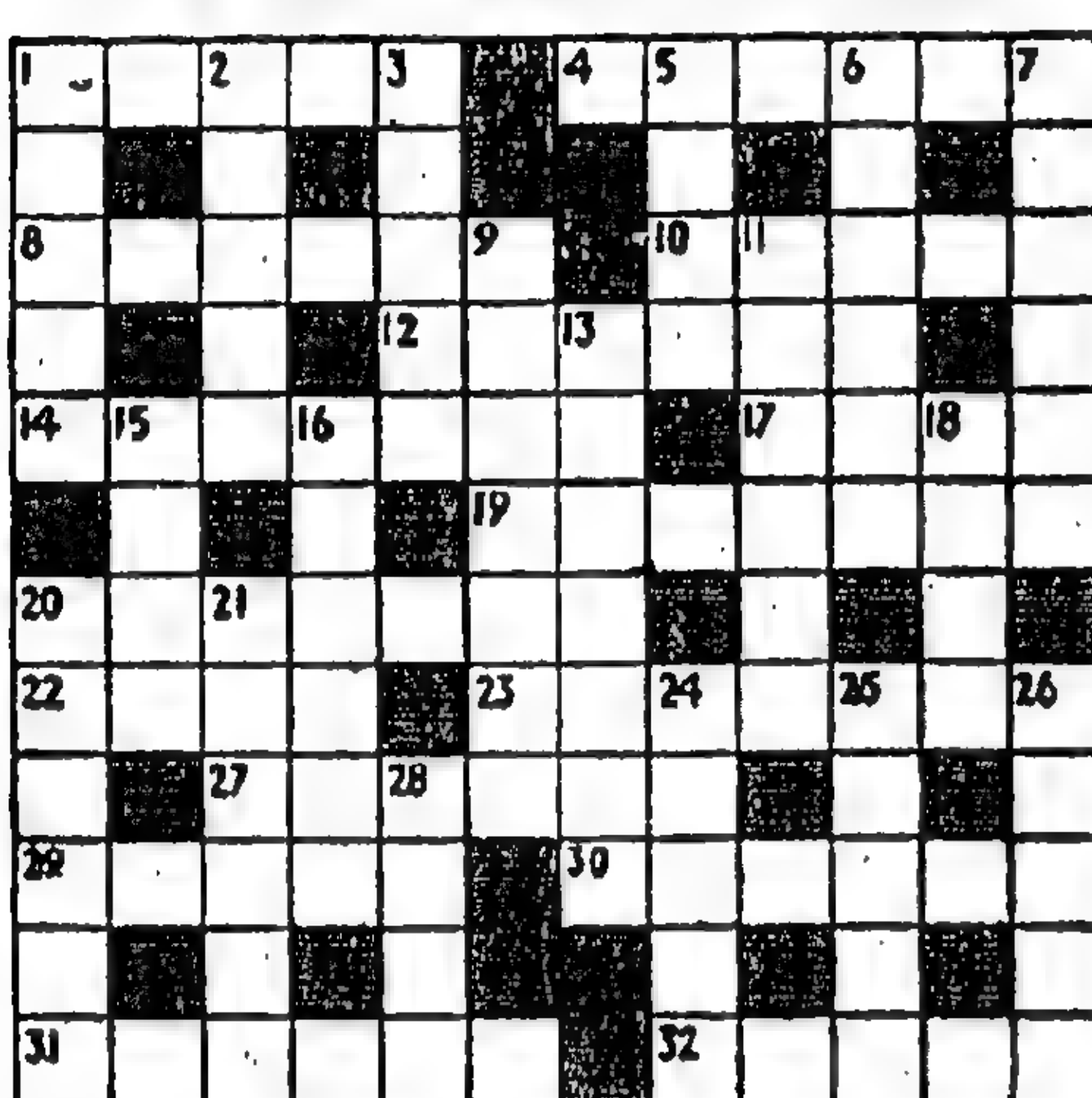
INTO THE DREAMS. By Edward Hyams. Longmans. 15s. Tragi-comedy about a millionaire's son who prefers to work in an orchard rather than the

executive suite. Some angry jokes about advertising; a lightly-veiled plea for farmers who love the land; and a tenuous little love story. Not Hyams's best, but worth reading.

JUSTINE. By Lawrence Sanders. Faber. 15s. A book, says the author, that was born, not made. The composite portrait of a woman and a city—Alexandria—as assembled from memory by citizens and lovers.

THE COLD DARK NIGHT. By Sarah Galambos. Bantam. 12s. 6d. Very superior thriller beginning with the murder of a much-maligned journalist in Berlin during the Four Power Conference of 1954. Excellent atmosphere and subtle rendering of the tensions of a heart-sick city. Miss Galambos is going right to the top of her class.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



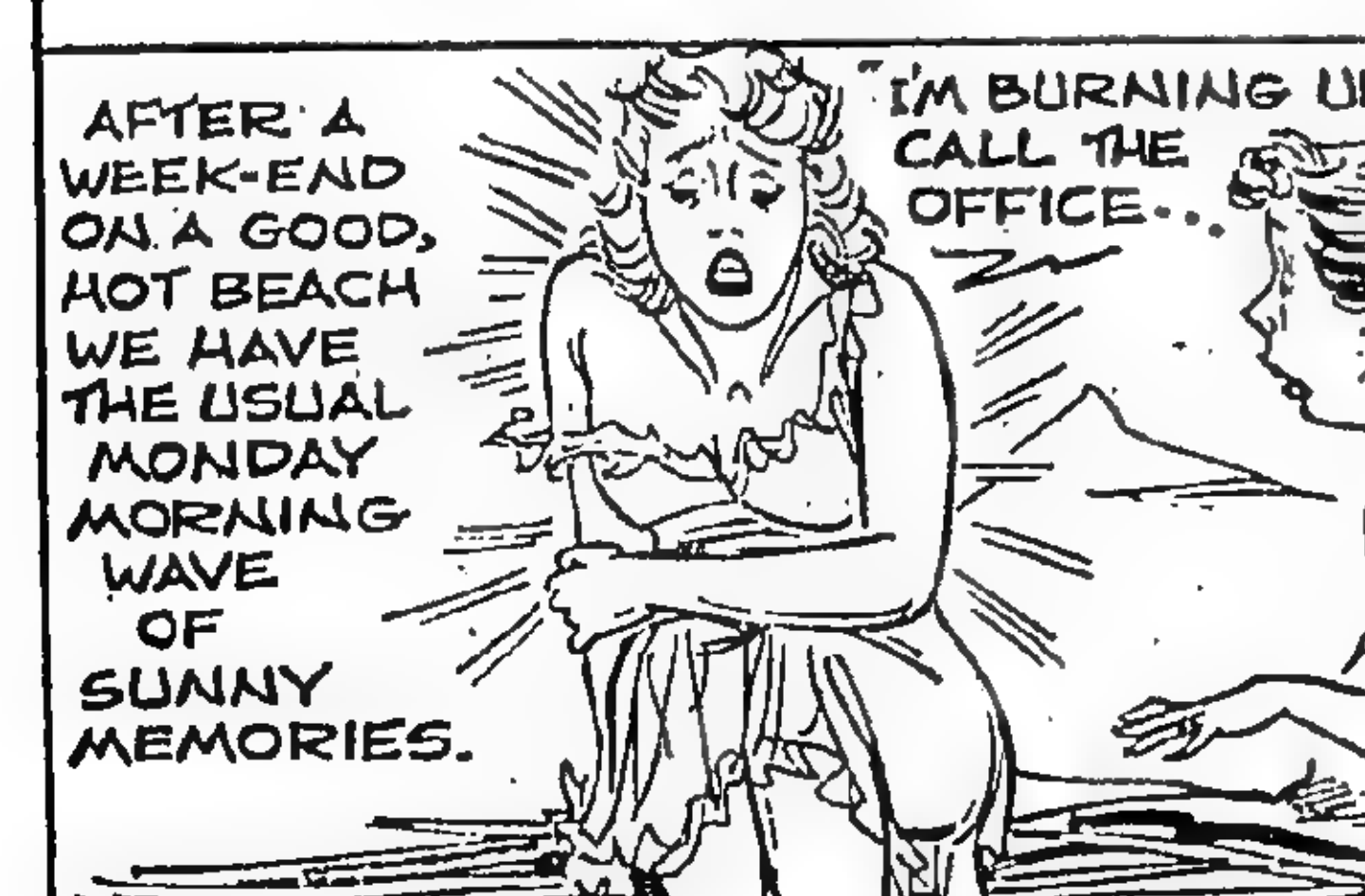
- ACROSS
- It's the very devil (5).
  - Runs off romantically (5).
  - Take with a good grace (6).
  - Semiprecious stone (5).
  - Perceptions (6).
  - Now the middle classes? (3, 4).
  - When Fortune smiles? (4).
  - Name for grass? (7).
  - Have a go (5).
  - Abbreviated program (4).
  - Thinks well (7).
  - Paper money (6).
  - Compelled to jump? (6).
  - Bath cake? (6).
  - Scottish duckyard (6).
  - Surrender the crop (5).
- DOWN
- Depicted as haggard (5).
  - Scotch parrot (5).
  - Good for nothing (5).
  - Whitish lady (4).
  - It ripens underground (5).
  - Smooth (6).
  - Edible horse? (7).
  - More than enough (8).
  - Chickens (5).
  - Black as pitch? (4).
  - Winkles for father? (6).
  - Hudly (4).
  - Hard stone (6).
  - French guinea (6).
  - She just grew (5).
  - Winner selector (5).
  - Fury mount? (5).
  - Approach to a mine (4).

FRIDAY'S SOLUTION: Across: 3 Turkeys, 5 Bear (hear), 6 Beverage, 11 Provided, 13 Flat, 15 Hot-plate, 18 Spaniard, 19 Dabs, 21 Indecent, 23 Stranger, 26 Fern, 27 Salsified, Down: 1 Clasp, 2 Halls, 3 Used, 5 Sued, 6 Avail, 7 Sweet, 8 Hills, 10 Vesta, 12 Rhoda, 14 Apron, 16 Aping, 17 Enter, 19 Disc, 20 Burst, 21 Inca, 22 Dene, 23 Eden, 24 Time.

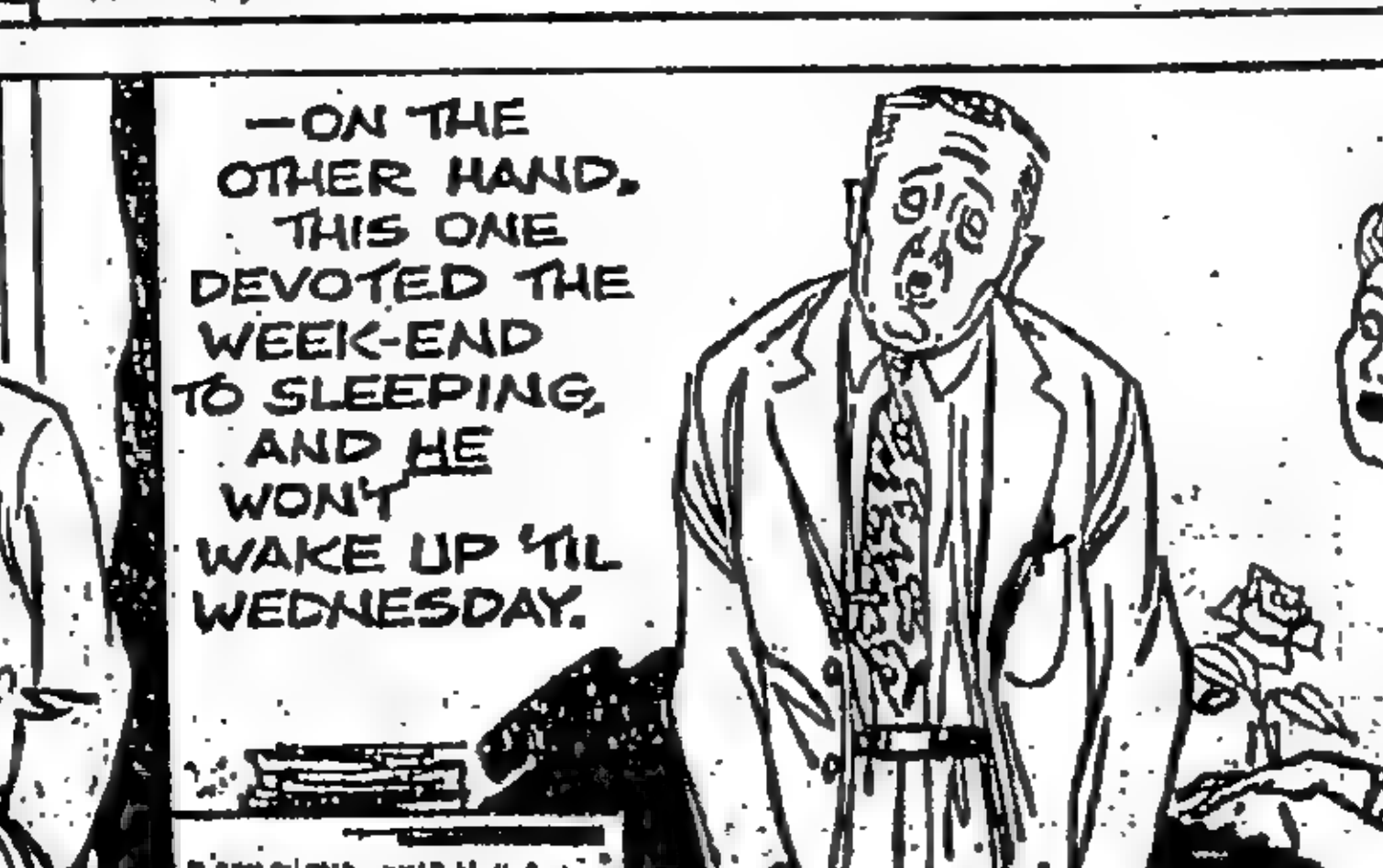
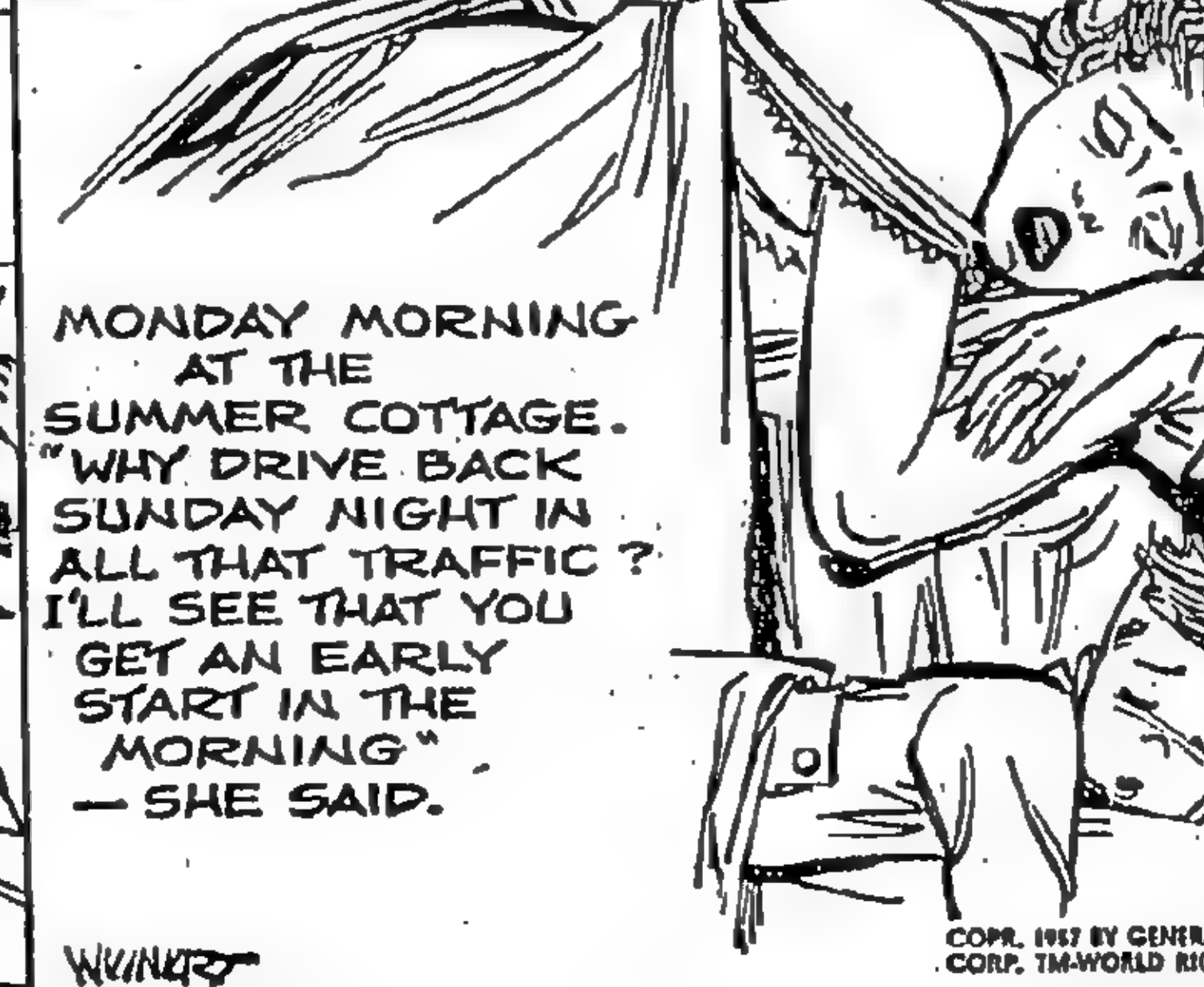
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE



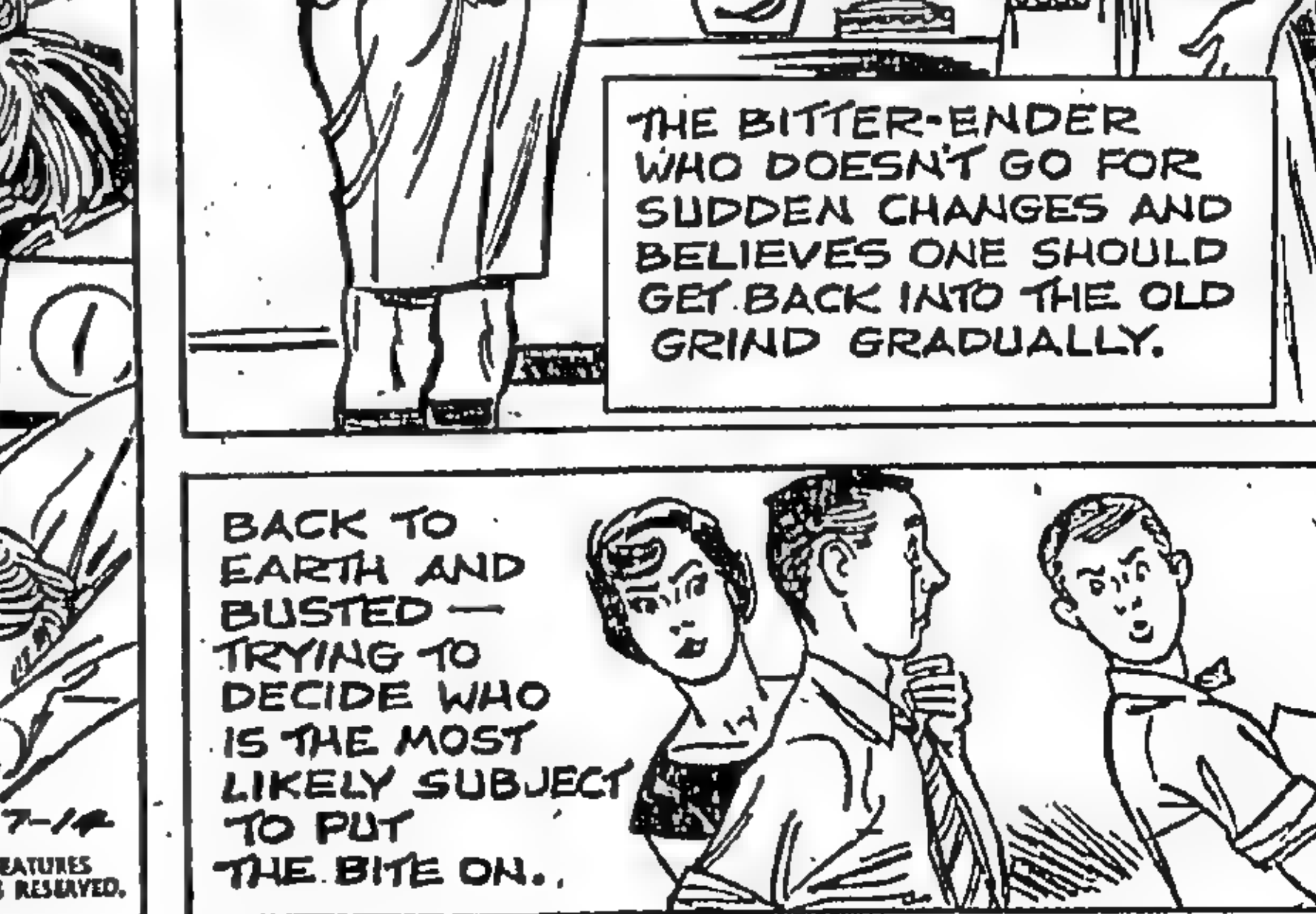
BEFORE GETTING DOWN TO WORK IT IS NECESSARY TO REVIEW THE WEEK-END BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE COFFEE-BREAK.



## Monday Morning



## By Harry Weinert



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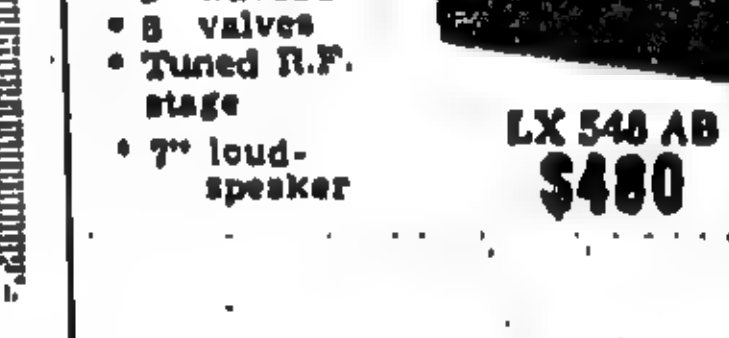
B 3 X 66 B \$205



B 4 X 59 B \$490



B 5 X 47 B \$280



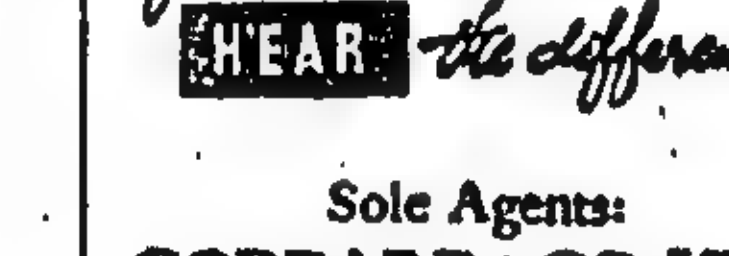
B 6 X 46 B \$480

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# The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

## WHERE IS ALL THIS MODERN ATHLETIC PROGRESS GOING TO END?

### Asks I. M. MacTavish

#### SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who was top of the Australian batting averages on the 1933 tour of England? (Morrison, Johnston, Miller or Harvey?)
2. Which famous cricket names follow these initials: R.E.S., P.B.H., L.E.G., A.P.F.?
3. For what sport is Miss Norman Brinker famous?
4. With which sports do you associate these trophies: Ryder Cup, Calcutta Cup, Walker Cup, Cowdrey Cup?
5. When did Americans win all the men's swimming events in an Olympic Games?
6. Who is the odd tennis player: Trabert, Horning, Kessel, Perry?
7. With which show-jumping riders do you associate the horses: Tessa and Foxhunter?
8. What sports would you expect to see at Twickenham: Trent Bridge, Forest Hills, Troon, Heine Hill, Yankee Stadium?
9. What is the highest total ever scored in one innings of a Test match?
10. How many times has Derek Ibbotson run the mile in less than four minutes?

(Answers See Page 17.)



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trim and THIN

by



According to an ancient tale there was once a young man who was so imbued with the idea that he could emulate the flying habit of birds that he made himself a large pair of wax wings.

His progressive daring was ill rewarded. His wings melted in the heat of the sun and he came to a sad and premature end in the sea.

His deeds — ambitious as they were — brought him only contemporary ridicule. 'Birds may fly but men must walk' seems to be the only emotion which he aroused. . . . and when, within the span of present day life, the forerunners of our modern aviators started to fly their so-called nefarious machines, the sceptics merely changed their critical tunes to a new theme.

This time they plugged away at the suggestion that the human frame would never stand up to the strains and stresses of 'high speed' . . . and don't forget that in those early days of flying 'high speed' were something very different from what we now mean by the term.

The sides today hold a complete answer to these doubts. Men fly regularly at speeds far beyond the comprehension of the ordinary land-bound mortal, and physiological research proves that the human frame can in fact withstand a great deal of punishment.

#### LIMITS

After watching the TV film of Derek Ibbotson's mile at the White City, London, I found myself thinking along lines that were strangely parallel to the ones I have stated above.

I not to thinking of the comments we have heard in comparatively recent times about the "absolute" limits of human effort, and the lasting damages that would almost certainly result from trying to exceed them. It is a line of thought that has started many a highly scientific argument and I was rather pleased to hear of a comment which is being ably backed in one who is closely connected internationally with the study of such matters. He is reported as saying that if they are doing nothing else the modern athletes are showing a little more understanding of the human frame, particularly when it is inspired by the human will.

#### A LOGICAL END

It is certainly a provocative thought. If one wanted to be really thorough it would be worthwhile following it to a logical end . . . and may be some time when I have a period of relaxation I might do just that.

For the moment, however, I must confess I find the background thoughts to Ibbotson's mile strangely fascinating. . . . and I find that in varying degrees it has also been engaging the thoughts of many others in the Colony who have a special interest in our varied and active world of sport.

I asked four prominent local sportsmen where they thought it was all going to end. . . . in other words 'How long can athletes go on breaking records?

#### Sports Diary

##### TODAY

1st Division: KRCG v IRC "Blue", IRC "Gold" v TC, Revere v KDC, CCC v KCC.  
2nd Division: KCC v PRC, Revere v USRC, PC "Blue" v KRC, KRC v KRC, CCC v FC "Red".  
3rd Division: KRC v Revere, IRC v CCC, Stanley v KRC, KRC v KRC, KCC v KRC.  
Ladies' League: 2nd Division: KCC v FC, KRC v PRC.

##### POP



including those like the four-minute mile, so long thought to be 'impossible'. One well-known runner said that he believed it was all a matter of applied knowledge and that, theoretically at least, there was no such thing as an end.

"Nowadays we have built up a wide miscellany of training methods. Each and every one of these has its merits; but it is becoming more and more obvious that by a process of scientific elimination, we are approaching a new standard of perfection in the preparation of athletes and this is fast removing the word 'impossible' from the vocabulary of athletes.

"I believe that progress, as far as record breaking is concerned, will still go on. . . . but the margin of improvement will get smaller and smaller and I foresee the day when it may be necessary to find a completely new method of timing an athlete's performance in order to record the measure of improvement. . . ."

#### CONSIDERABLE

The second sportsman to whom I put the question has the benefit of specialist medical knowledge and he emphasised the fact that there has been considerable overall progress in the study of the physiological potential of human beings. He said "now knowledge as to endurance and stamina has provided, in its turn, a fresh field of study to determine just how the information can best be used to advantage. . . . and so the cycle goes on. . . . Progress breaking as such, is frequently the fruits of these two fields of scientific study. . . . even if the athletes who do the actual record breaking do not fully realise it."

This was a most illuminating conversation and I was particularly impressed by the logical progression of thought. It was pointed out to me, for example, that athletic improvement has not been confined to any single event or type of event. My learned friend went on to say "Today men are running faster than ever before. . . . but they are also jumping further; jumping higher; swimming faster; cycling faster; throwing weights and hammers further, yet the most important single point. . . . and one which should never be overlooked, is that women are regularly chalking up exactly the same sort of progressive achievements. In fact many of the records being set by the women of today would have satisfied the male athletes of not so very long ago."

#### THE THIRD PERSON

The third person confronted with my inquiry is a young man who is at present doing his National Service here in Hong Kong. He is in fact young enough to be excused any ignorance of the vital sporting evolution that has been enacted in the past 20 years, but he has no lack of an opinion on the question of modern athletic standards. His comments are most enlightening. He said "You older types (I FILED THAT FOR FUTURE COMMENT) I, MCT, forget that young athletes like me do not regard

the four minutes mile as a novelty.

"We have approached our adult career in the years of its achievement and to us it is really commonplace. As a consequence we regard it in a very different light from those of you who watched the great struggle that went on during the years preceding Roger Bannister's burst through the barrier. I accept it mentally in much the same way as I accept aircraft that travel faster than sound although my old grandmother still recalls for me the days of horse-drawn buses. Our targets and our goals are now very different from those of the young men who began their careers only ten years ago. We are not trying to see how near we can get to the four minute mark. . . . we are trying to see how far we can get inside it. . . . and we have the proven example of several great runners to encourage us.

Nowadays there exists nothing of the physical mystery that hung over the elusive time mark before Dr Bannister's wonderful run at Oxford.

"With all that in mind I don't think it is possible to say 'where it will all end'. . . . certainly with the example of the 'ever-improving' stars and the benefits of scientific coaching there is no end in sight at the moment."

From a comparative youngster that is pretty thoughtful stuff and surely represents the sort of positive thinking that explains why young men go on striving for new records. . . . and also why they are breaking them with such regularity.

#### ONLY DESIRE

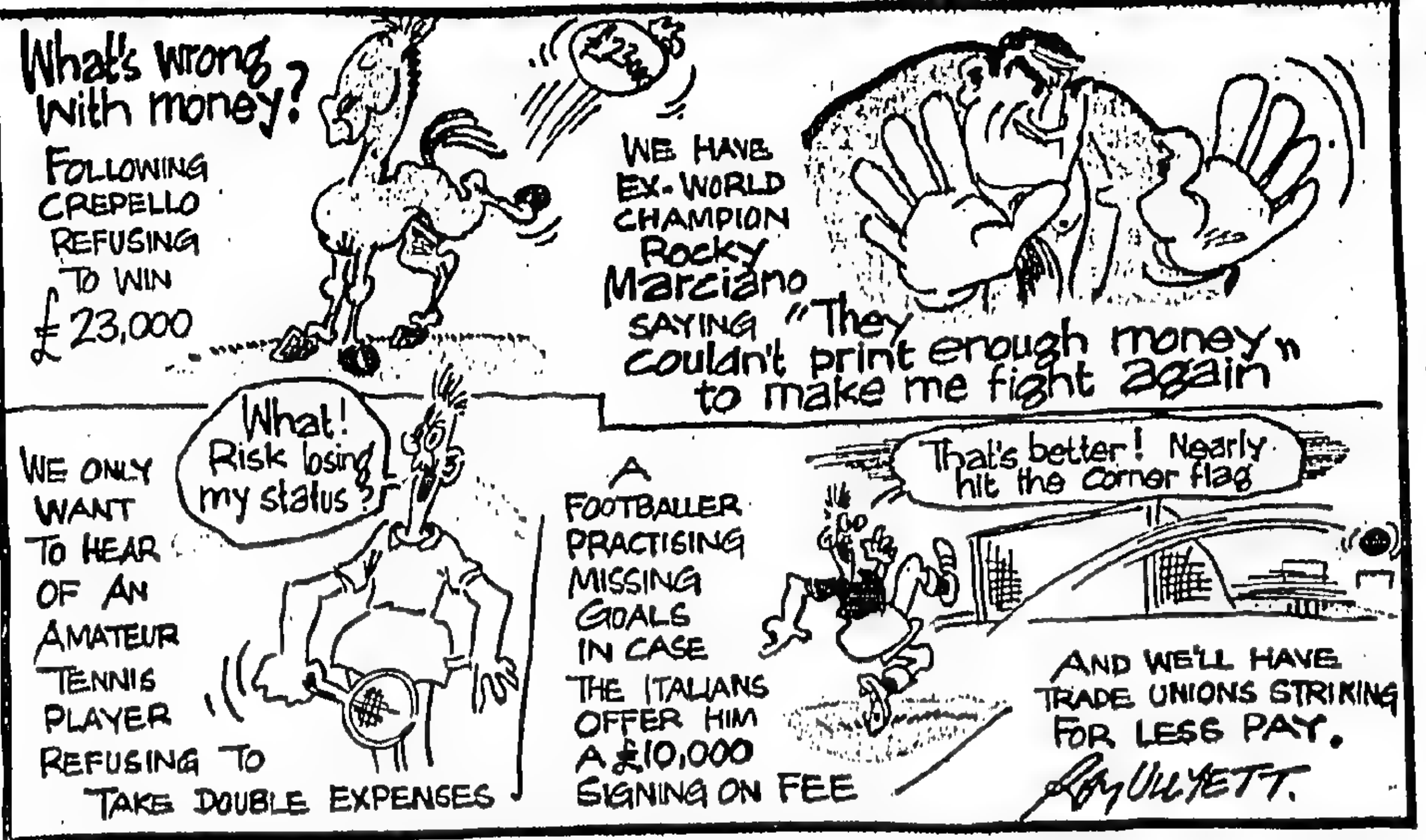
It was a matter of personal regret that I was unable to bring this young man face to face with the last person who discussed the question with me. This time it was an old gentleman who once put up some pretty good performances in his own right.

"The days when men still pitted their ability against each other; whose only desire was to beat an opponent; and whose thoughts hadn't reached the stage when they accepted a battle between muscle and pocket watch in the light of an athletic encounter."

"In the years to come" he said, "many of the present day athletes will be able to tell you the exact time they took for a specific event on a specific day at a specific place. . . . but I'll bet they couldn't tell you the names of the men who were pitted against them in the race. That isn't the kind of competition I wanted. I set out to prove, if I could, that I was a better man than my opponent. . . . Racing against minute and second hands of a watch seems to me to be a poor substitute. . . . but maybe I'm just being old fashioned, so don't be too unkind to me in print. The end was reached when men took on watches instead of opponents."

Well, there are four very different points of view. Together they make interesting food for thought. . . . so maybe you would like to chew over the intriguing question "Where is all this modern athletic progress going to end. . . .?"

## ROY ULLYETT ON THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL



## THE STANLEY MATTHEWS STORY

# A WORLD TEAM WITHOUT STAN ON THE RIGHT WING IS UNTHINKABLE

Says TREVOR HILTON

If ever one man or one thing won a Cup Final it was Stanley Matthews and his magic at Wembley in 1953. Although today Stan would not agree, there was no doubt that Stanley felt this was really his last chance to win that coveted winner's medal.

Remember that was his third final. He had played in that 1948 classic of the post-war period when Blackpool was beaten by Manchester United. And I shall never forget how, after Blackpool had gone down to Newcastle in 1951, the slight, bowed figure walked slowly back to the dressing room, not casting a glance at the wildly celebrating Newcastle players.

He walked all alone, and his whole figure seemed to be expressing the thought in all our minds: that this was the last chance, and now it had gone. But we were all wrong, and now he was making his third attempt.

And yet with 25 minutes to go, it seemed odds on that Stan Matthews was going to be unlucky again. For despite the fact that Bolton had Eric Bell, a crimp, hobbling gallantly but ineffectually on the left wing, there were few who thought Blackpool could pull the game out of the fire.

But one man did, and decided to do something about it. San Matthews. Taking full advantage of a series of drum puffs from Little Ernie Taylor, Matthews proceeded to electrify the crowd and completely bewildered Bolton with brilliance such as only he can produce.

He tempted, tantalised and tore the harassed Bolton defence to pieces. His dribbling and fancy runs reached a standard remarkable even by his standards. The ball seemed attached to his feet and his crosses and passes were so accurate that it seemed he was controlling them by ruler.

#### HIS MAGIC WAY

It was an exhibition never to be forgotten but even so it seemed that the task was too much to expect. For when Stan Mortenson met one of those perfectly judged lob into the centre, to

make it 3-2, it still seemed that the Cup was headed for Bolton. But still Matthews weaved his magic way through and around the Bolton defence, and slowly but surely Bolton started to wilt. They began to make mistakes; there were the surest signs of desperation creeping into their play, and then, four minutes from the end, they gave away a free kick, outside the penalty area.

It did not look particularly dangerous as the defensive wall lined up. But Mortenson ran up to the ball and by some miracle found a gap and crashed the ball into the back of the net and Blackpool had drawn level.

Now it seemed we were headed for extra time. Those few minutes ticked by and then, with only 40 seconds left, the old maestro got the ball again and started off on yet another of his destroying dribbles. On and on he went until he reached the by-line; and then, a split second before he lost his balance, he hooked the ball back into the goal mouth, and there was Bill Perry waiting to slam the ball home.

And so, dramatically, Blackpool had won the game and Stan his medal and it was right that his delicious colleagues should rush to congratulate and thank him. A few moments later he had climbed up to the Royal Box to receive his medal from the Queen and hear her say: "Well done!"

It was no lonely figure that left the field on this occasion; he was cheered off by his team-

mates to an ovation which has not even been equalled by Wembley Stadium's greatest. Not even the most rabid Bolton fan, however, bitterly disappointed at seeing the Cup spirited out of their grasp by sheer football magic, grudged Matthews his medal.

#### HIS AMBITION

Now that he had achieved his ambition, the knowing ones started saying that soon he would be hanging up his boots and retiring. Stan said nothing, he just got on with his training, kept his own counsel and continued playing—playing, what is more, with even greater skill.

And, as he would point out, he still needs a League Championship winner's medal to complete his collection. Inevitably he was recalled to the England team, almost, it seemed, against the selectors' will—an attitude which completely baffled our opponents all over the world.

For to them in England team, or for that matter a world team, without Stanley Matthews on the right-wing is unthinkable.

It just does not make sense. Yet all this tends to baffle Matthews. Generally acclaimed as the greatest footballer on earth, he finds it impossible to describe, how or why he does what he does; similarly he cannot, for instance, demonstrate his body swerve.

He cannot do it in cold blood and says that it just comes naturally under the pressure of actual playing conditions. This is why Matthews would never make a great coach. He is an artist rather than an instructor and his natural reserve prevents him making a great captain.



London Express Service

is convinced that he is 100% fit.

#### A STRONG WILL

It is equally true that his quiet manner can be most misleading, for behind it there is a strong will which never wavers when he believes something is wrong.

An example of this is when he found things at Stoke not as pleasant as he felt they could be and staggered the football world by asking for a transfer. It was not until after there had been a packed crowd's meeting demanding "Matthews Must Not Go" and the troubles had been ironed out, that he withdrew his request and stayed on for another nine years.

But most of these years were during the war and Stan was in the RAF. And it was during these years that he discovered the outside of his right foot, and his left foot is not as strong as his right. Admittedly he has that body swerve, and that devastating burst of acceleration, but surely, one must argue, by now the full-backs he has played against must have mastered these things and know exactly what to expect.

Well, the fact is they haven't and no one ever has. And so it is to the conclusion that it is all done by magic. Matthews magic.

Now, after the war, Stan is back in football.

#### Bun fight



PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS. CHERRY HEERING









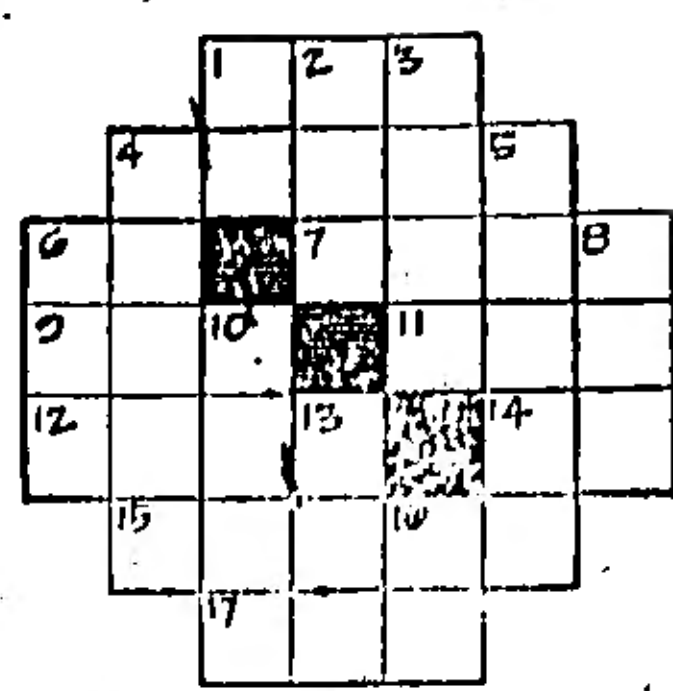
# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

## THESE TIPS WILL MAKE YOUR CAMERA TALK...

## Come Into My Parlour —Says A Plant

## CROSSWORD



## ACROSS

- 1 Head covering
- 2 Musical qualities
- 3 Behold!
- 4 Gopher's mound
- 5 Possessive pronoun
- 6 Rodent
- 7 Story
- 8 Lone Scout (ab.)
- 9 Bodies of water
- 10 Writing tool

## DOWN

- 1 Company (ab.)
- 2 Busy insect
- 3 Equal
- 4 Sum
- 5 Fur-bearing sea animals
- 6 Ignited
- 7 Streets (ab.)
- 8 Blow with open hand
- 9 Piece out
- 10 Half an cm

## SUDAN DIAMOND

Part of the Sudan's populace are NUBIANS, which fact the Puzzlemaster picked as the centre for his word diamond. The second word is "to take an evening meal"; third "a kind of a fur"; fifth "carpenter's tool"; and sixth "a compass point". Try to complete the diamond from these clues:

NUBIANS  
A  
N  
S

## TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has hung his word triangle from CAREERS. The second word is "amphitheatre"; third "to put again"; fourth "a son of Seth"; fifth "to consume"; and sixth an abbreviation for "right side". Can you complete the triangle?

CAREERS  
A  
R  
E  
E  
R  
S

## SCRAMBLEGRAMS

Scramble "rows" and have "columns"; repeat and have "wearies"; again and have "to perch anew"; once more and have "attempts".

## BEHEADINGS

Behind "to sound a bugle" and have "not high"; behind "winter precipitation" and have "present time"; behind "a snare" and have "a knock"; behind "an Oriental food" and have "frozen water"; behind "rich milk" and have "a paper measure."

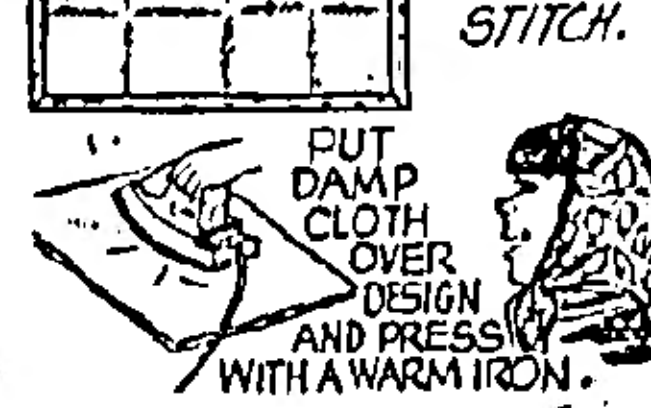
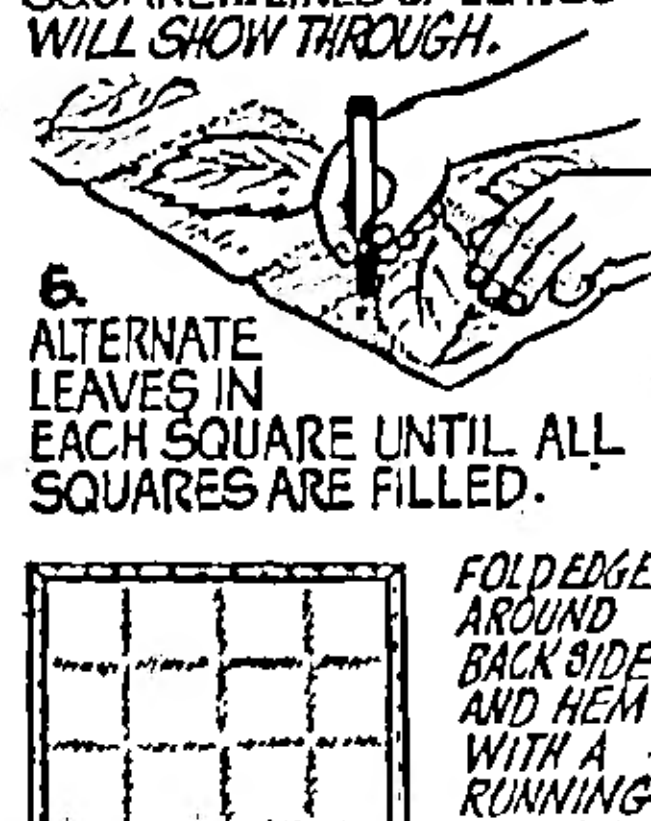
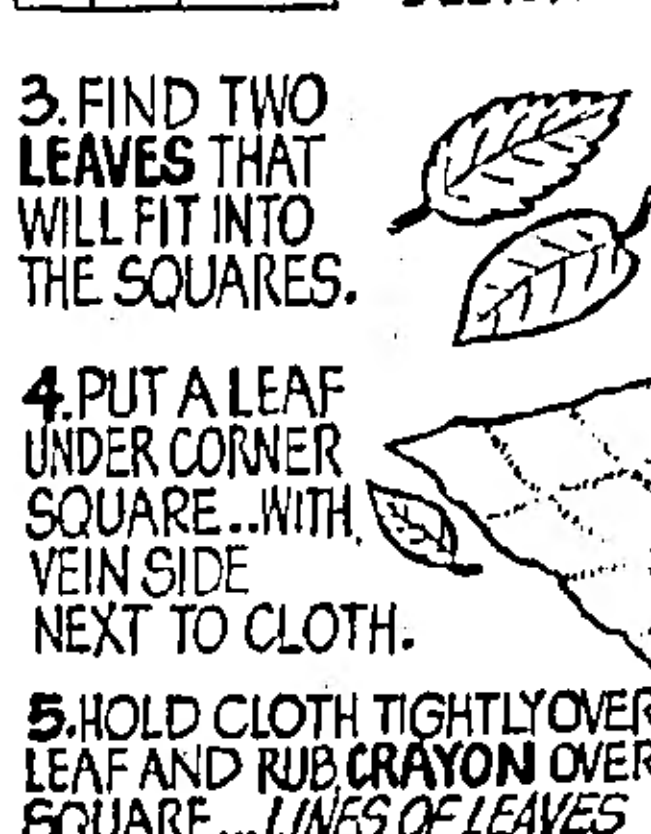
## WACKY COMPASS



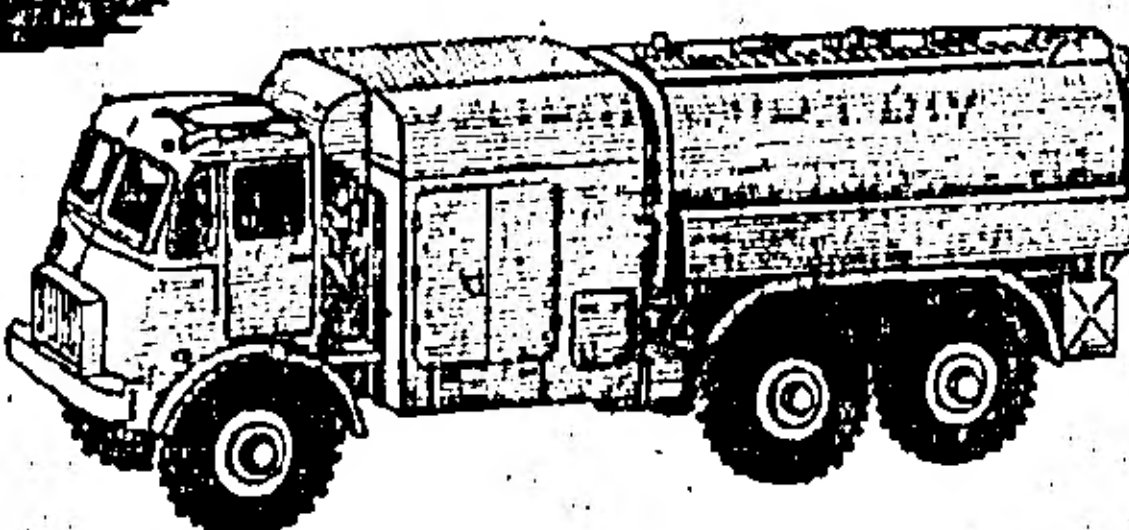
(Solutions on Page 19)

## HOW TO MAKE A WACKY COMPASS

1. FIND A PIECE OF THIN RAYON OR COTTON CLOTH ABOUT 24 INCHES SQUARE.
2. FOLD CLOTH IN HALF TWICE (BOTH WAYS) TO MAKE LINES FOR YOUR DESIGN.
3. FIND TWO LEAVES THAT WILL FIT INTO THE SQUARES.
4. PUT A LEAF UNDER CORNER SQUARE WITH VEIN SIDE NEXT TO CLOTH.
5. HOLD CLOTH TIGHTLY OVER LEAF AND RUB CRAYON OVER SQUARE. LINES OF LEAVES WILL SHOW THROUGH.
6. ALTERNATE LEAVES IN EACH SQUARE UNTIL ALL SQUARES ARE FILLED.



## New this month!

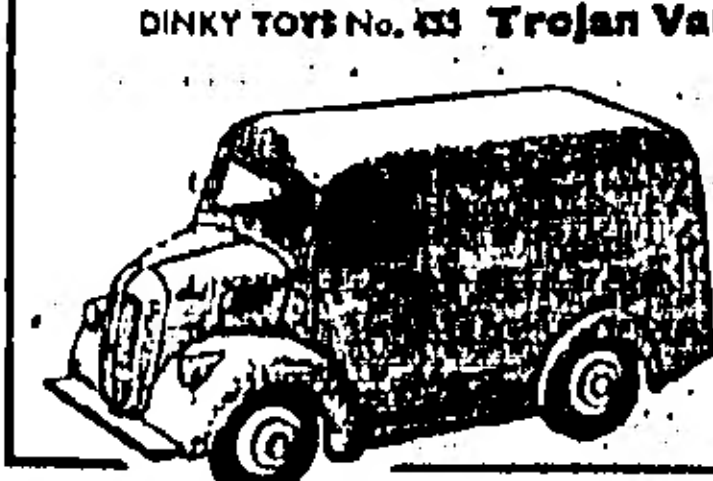


DINKY SUPERTOYS No. 60 Pressure Refueler

The original of this Dinky Supertoy is a sub-wheel Royal Air Force vehicle used on aerodromes for refuelling and defuelling aircraft. The model is enamelled in R.A.F. blue with a roundel on the front. Towing hook at rear and driver in cab. Length 5 1/2".

## New colour finish

DINKY TOYS No. 33 Trojan Van — "Brooke-Bond Tea"



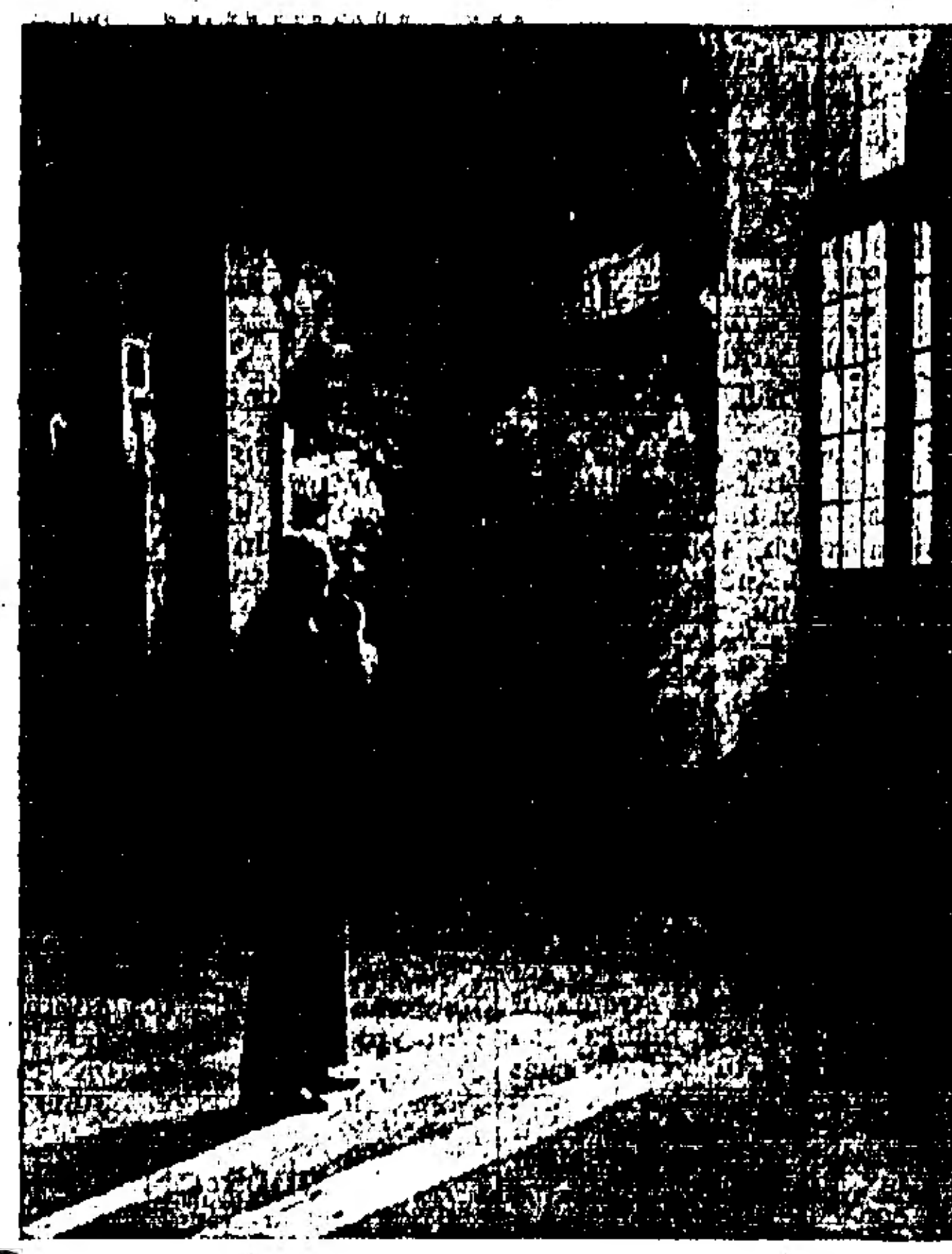
A new version of the Trojan 15-cwt. Van is now available attractively finished in bright red with the name "Brooke-Bond Tea" in white on the sides. Length 3 1/2".

Keep on collecting

**DINKY TOYS**  
**DINKY SUPERTOYS**  
MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 11

YOUR CAMERA "talks," but does it always say it to you? Here are seven tips to help you control your picture-making "speech."

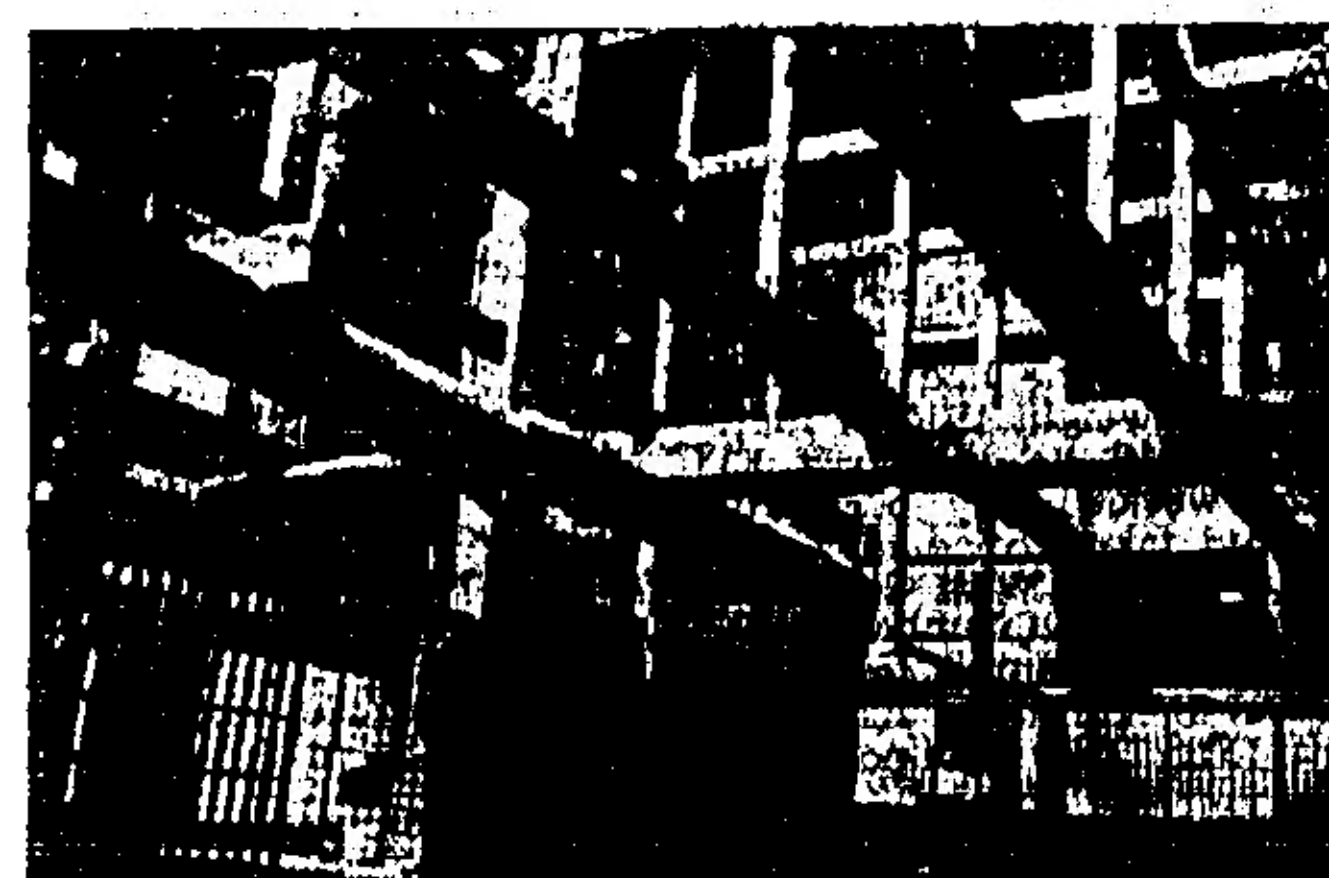
1. **LIGHT** in the picture is not enough. You need light on the subject. Details talk in a picture, and light is what reveals details.
2. **DISTANCE** changes the whole picture. Unless you have a portrait lens, don't shoot pictures closer than 40 inches. You will get better results shooting farther away and enlarging the piece of photo you want as a closeup.
3. **SHADOWS** can say ugly things about your subject. Lights held high are better than lights at the camera. Two floods on opposite sides of the subject should give you good results.
4. Do all your full length subjects look as if they had stumpy legs? Try getting on one knee to snap the picture instead of standing for an eye-level shot.
5. Are you getting fuzzy pictures without any reasonable explanation for the fuzziness? Sudden temperature changes cause moisture condensation on the lens. This should be wiped off before picture taking. If you take your camera out of a



**Light Talks:** Sunlight filtering through the window brings out the details that make this excellent study by Johannes Scholten, of Haarlem, the Netherlands.

warm house in cold weather. Then you are not getting enough light to under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

6. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping



**Shadow Patterns:** This picture by Tatsuo Kondo of Tokyo won first prize over 3,000 entries. Light and shadows playing on rafters and walls make fascinating abstract design. Look for shadow patterns the next time you take pictures.



**Camera Amputation:** Even the subject winces as the camera cuts off the top of his head, crops his hands awkwardly.

## Knuckle Down To Marble Games

THINK marbles are a modern toy? That's where you're wrong. Children way back in the ancient days were playing games with nuts or pebbles in much the same way as you use your own marbles. Here are some marble games to test your skill:

**BOUNCE OUT:** Each player deposits a marble within a small circle that has been drawn on the ground. The first player stands upright over the marbles and drops his "bounce" (a large marble) upon the heap. Any marbles that are forced out of the ring belong to him; but if he drives out none and his bounce remains in the circle, he has to let it stay with the other

marble contributions. The game continues in this fashion, with the players taking turns with the bounce.

**BRIDGE PASS:** Out of a piece of wood or stiff cardboard, fashion a bridge with nine arches. Number each arch as shown.

One player is chosen to act as bridge keeper and a toll of one marble is paid to him every time a boy attempts to shoot a marble through the arches. If the marble goes clear through an arch its owner receives from the bridge keeper as many marbles as indicated by the number marked over the arch. However, if the marble should touch the side of the arch it becomes the bridge keeper's property.

**HAND HIDE:** One player conceals a number of marbles

in his closed hand. He asks another player to guess how many marbles are hidden.

If the player guesses correctly he receives the marbles; if incorrectly, he must hand over the difference between his wrong guess and the correct number.

For example, if eight had been hidden and the player guessed eleven he would have to forfeit three marbles.

**PICKING PLUMS:** Each player places a marble on a long straight line drawn upon the ground, with a one or two-inch space left between each marble. Each player in turn shoots at the marble from a point about eight feet away. The marbles knocked off the line become the prizes of the marksmen.

**SHOOT OUT:** Two players stand opposite a wall. The first player starts the game by throwing a marble against the wall. When it has rebounded and landed on the ground the second player hurries his marble against the wall, trying to throw it in such a way that it is rebounded it will strike the first marble.

—ERMA REYNOLDS



TRY THESE DIFFERENT MARBLE GAMES.

BRIDGE PASS

HAND HIDE

PICKING PLUMS

SHOOT OUT

TRY THESE DIFFERENT MARBLE GAMES.

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HAND HIDE

PICKING PLUMS



## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3

**B**ORN today, you are quiet, reserved and at times too self-effacing for your own best good. The stars have given you fine talents and it is up to you to develop them to their utmost.

You have a great love for the beautiful and are facile with words, either spoken or written. You are inventive and ingenious and you should put this talent to work for you with profit.

You have a good head for business but are more interested in the development of ideas than you are in the accumulation of money. If you become a millionaire it is more likely to be through inheritance than through your own efforts.

Your sense of justice is strong and once you get an idea into your head, it takes a lot to change or swerve it. You are pretty well convinced that your way of doing things is the right way and in your quiet, persistent fashion, you get others to follow your lead. You are inclined to be rather impatient with those who may differ from your point of view.

You have a rather acid tongue when you choose to use it. Curb your critical comments for you are apt to hurt the feelings of those whose ways are not as sharp as your own. You have the capacity for making friends. Cultivate, as well, the talent for holding them.

Your love of nature is an ardent one and you should make your mind exceptionally happy and contented. You are not one to fall in love at first sight. But when you do fall, it is a case of "head over heels" in love.

Among those born on this date were: Frederick William III of Prussia; Hamilton Fish, statesman; Elissa G. Oles, inventor; Rupert Brooke, poet; and Adrienne Ames, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may gain real inspiration from a good sermon this morning. Later on, an outing can bring pleasure.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This should be a real day of rest for you. Store up new energy for more busy days to come.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Next to postpone a trip until a short one until later on in the month. Better, today, for you to rest and relax.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Continue your restful week-end, for you have considerable gain from relaxing, preparing for activities ahead.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If travelling, especially by air, take all precautions as the roads may be heavy with holiday traffic.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Avoid an argument by all means possible. Compromise if that appears to be the only way out.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can prove an interesting day, but put a guard on your tongue. Don't speak out of turn, no matter what happens.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Avoid any possible risks while travelling, even for short distances. Carelessness never pays.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Set spiritual inspiration through church attendance this morning. Then take a drive into the country.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Get out into the sunshine if you can to build up your energies. Health reserves can prove important.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—There are indications of confusion in today's aspect. It is up to you to resolve all problems calmly.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Morning hours are important in the building up of your spiritual reserves. Later on, join some community event.

**B**ORN today, you have a quick and perceptive mind. You are usually just about one step ahead of your nearest competitor. Your alert, active mind gives you a thoroughly practical outlook on life.

You may appear to be calm, quiet and tactfully acquiescent, but let someone try to put something over on you—and there is little mercy in you. You have very definite opinions and although you may not voice them on others' necessities, when the time comes to take a definite stand, you take it and stay!

There is something of the occult dreamer in your make-up, but you are inclined to suppress this side of your nature and display it only to those who are closest to you. Outwardly, you may appear charming, but let anyone take advantage of your natural politeness, to become too familiar, too soon, and you will exhibit the elusiveness which is a real part of your true self.

You are home-loving and domestic, and will be happiest when you have your own family to love and cherish. You will do anything for the good of those you love and in your opinion your own kin can do no wrong. Your loyalty to them is outstanding.

You cannot be pushed into doing something. You must be allowed to do it in your own way and in your own time. However, since you are a stickler for always doing your duty, one can be assured that any job to which you are assigned will be done promptly and efficiently.

You will be happiest if you live in the country, since the rush and turmoil of city life is apt to push you beyond your pleasure. Thrifty and careful in all expenditures, it is likely that you will accumulate considerable wealth during your lifetime.

Among those born on this date were: Percy Bysshe Shelley, poet; Russell Sage, financier and philanthropist; Harry Lauder, comedian; Knut Hamsun, author; John Mowbray-Clark, sculptor; Queen Mother Elizabeth of England; and Anita Page, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—One of your big days this month, for the achievement of some major goal for which you have been working.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A busy, active day. See that you are thoroughly alert to all that is going on around you. Take vigorous action.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A day when you can be adventurous in your job and ask for something you intend to get. You'll get what you want, too.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Make the best possible use of this day in forwarding all your business plans. You should prosper handsomely now.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is a productive day. See that you have made your plans carefully so that they can be followed accurately.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—The beginning of four good days. Make plans and set them in motion. Make faithful profits now.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You have six good days in which to press for an advantage. See that you get all that is coming to you.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Promote a new business plan, even if it means taking a trip. You will find that it pays in increased profits.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Your major interests to forward your plans may be to a distance. Take a trip and cement a new contract.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Co-operative and partnership business affairs prosper at this time. Make the most of new opportunities.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—You can be adventuresome in following through a new idea, and may anticipate exceptionally fine results.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Emphasis is upon a new job, but it may all be linked up with romance. Marriage may have a deciding voice in the projected plan.

## TARGET

HOW many words of four or more can you find in the square below? The words may be horizontal, vertical, or diagonal. No plural forms are allowed. No proper nouns are permitted. Write your answers in the space provided.

**CHERRY** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You have six good days in which to press for an advantage. See that you get all that is coming to you.

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

## "GROWING" HOUSES

In West Wales since 1938 have grown—some as much as three inches. The experts admit that but they cannot understand how or why the phenomenon should appear to be confined to West Wales. Officers from the Building Research Station of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, called in to investigate complaints that the stucco facing on the outside walls had been cracking in newly-built properties in Pembrokeshire, Carmarthenshire, Cardiganshire and West Glamorgan, have issued a report. They blame the effects of the chemical reaction of the soluble sulphate salts in the bricks to the cement in the mortar, which is thus made to swell and is responsible for the cracked brickwork.

## PITCH POST

When Mrs. Paul Darnley got home she realised she had left her bag behind at the tea cream parlour she had stepped at some way out of a distant town.

Mrs. Darnley did not know the name or address of the place. So she addressed her letter to reclaim it thus: "To Ted Cream Parlour Right of Route 88 going south on the left hand side going towards Wilmington just outside the city limits, I think."

She got her purse back.

## UNDERGROUND HOME GUARDS

The Seventh Metropolitan Kent sector of the Home Guard went "underground" when the stand down of Home Guard began on July 31. The sector has purchased its own rifles and medals once a week, as in the past, in the form of a rifle club.

## MISSILE PRESERVATION

After half-stones as big as walnuts in Lavaux, Switzerland, the Federal Institute for the study of avalanches and snow broadcast to people in the region of Lavaux to keep the hallstones in their refrigerators "for study."

## MENTAL CASES

Three male nurses, promoted to the rank of "sister" in a Singapore mental hospital under a Malayisation scheme, are threatening to resign unless they are given a new designation.

## BOYS AND GIRLS PACE SOLUTIONS:

**CROSSWORD:**  
 CAP  
 TONES  
 LOTTEES  
 ITS RAT  
 TALELS  
 LAKE  
 PEN

## SUDAN DIAMOND:

SUP  
 BAHAS  
 NUBIAN  
 PLANE  
 EMB

## TRIANGLE:

CAREERS  
 ARENAS  
 RECS  
 ENOS  
 EAT  
 US

## SCRAMBLEGRAMS:

THIRTS, RICE, TIES, REST, TRICE.  
 BEHEADINGS: Blow, low, Snow, now, Trip, rap, Rice, Ice, Cream, room.

## WACKY COMPASS:

A new boom across clean! Look before you leap.

## CHESS NEWS

Solution No. 5540: 1 R-K1, Q-K2, R-K3, B-K4, N-K5, P-K6, P-K7, P-K8, P-K9, P-K10, P-K11, P-K12, P-K13, P-K14, P-K15, P-K16, P-K17, P-K18, P-K19, P-K20, P-K21, P-K22, P-K23, P-K24, P-K25, P-K26, P-K27, P-K28, P-K29, P-K30, P-K31, P-K32, P-K33, P-K34, P-K35, P-K36, P-K37, P-K38, P-K39, P-K40, P-K41, P-K42, P-K43, P-K44, P-K45, P-K46, P-K47, P-K48, P-K49, P-K50, P-K51, P-K52, P-K53, P-K54, P-K55, P-K56, P-K57, P-K58, P-K59, P-K60, P-K61, P-K62, P-K63, P-K64, P-K65, P-K66, P-K67, P-K68, P-K69, P-K70, P-K71, P-K72, P-K73, P-K74, P-K75, P-K76, P-K77, P-K78, P-K79, P-K80, P-K81, P-K82, P-K83, P-K84, P-K85, P-K86, P-K87, P-K88, P-K89, P-K90, P-K91, P-K92, P-K93, P-K94, P-K95, P-K96, P-K97, P-K98, P-K99, P-K100, P-K101, P-K102, P-K103, P-K104, P-K105, P-K106, P-K107, P-K108, P-K109, P-K110, P-K111, P-K112, P-K113, P-K114, P-K115, P-K116, P-K117, P-K118, P-K119, P-K120, P-K121, P-K122, P-K123, P-K124, P-K125, P-K126, P-K127, P-K128, P-K129, P-K130, P-K131, P-K132, P-K133, P-K134, P-K135, P-K136, 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## YORKSHIRE CONTINUE SUCCESS

### JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK Tom Talks Turkey

It has taken six months for Tom's turkeys to come home to roost for his story starts, as all stories of turkeys should, in December.

There were seven shopping days left before Christmas when the story began. On that morning a harassed poultryer's salesman took a telephone call from a Midlands town. Tom was on the other end of the line. "I've got an order to give," he said, and gave it, instructing the poultryer to send him £77 worth of turkeys and geese.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

THE goods were dispatched. They reached Tom and he set out round the dubs and puts of his hometown and sold all the poultry at sacrificial prices. It was not Tom, of course, who made the sacrifice. The £50 he collected he regarded as all profit.

When the London poultryers had got back their breath after Christmas they sent Tom an invoice, and when that was ignored, sent a statement. They sent many statements, not all of which reached Tom. He prudently changed his lodgings and left no forwarding address.

**ALL SPENT**

IN April Tom's trick was discovered. In June the police caught up with him. "Look," he said, when they questioned him, "can't you give me time to raise the money?"

At Clerkenwell, Tom, a tanned, pouting man of 25, pleaded guilty to incurring a debt of £77 by fraud, and the story was told to the magistrate. Mr. Frank Powell, "All the money he took for the birds has been spent," a policeman said. "He tells me there's no chance of paying it back. He's a married man, and works now as a bus driver, earning £38 a week. He was unemployed at the time this offence was committed."

The magistrate asked Tom what he had to say. "Only I'd like a chance to pay the money back," Tom said, hopefully. "You've had £38 flogging. I'm afraid you must pay for it," said Mr. Powell. "Go to prison for three months."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, and he went away, with a light hop and skip down the dock steps—a modified turkey trot, perhaps.

### Beat Sussex By Nine Wickets At Hove

London, Aug. 2. Yorkshire continuing their splendid late season rally, beat Sussex by nine wickets at Hove today to gain their fourth cricket championship victory in succession and their 11th of the summer.

The northern county's recent run has lifted them six places in the table into second place. With Surrey engaged in a losing battle with the West Indies, Yorkshire cut Surrey's lead to 58 points but as the champions have nine more matches to play and Yorkshire have only seven, the chance of Peter May's being caught is very slim.

**LEADING POSITION**

Leading positions with points are Surrey, 210, Yorkshire, 154, Derbyshire (two-day victors over Leicestershire) 150, and Northamptonshire (convincing winners against Lancashire) 146. Hubert Duggart on leave from teaching at Winchester hit 50 off Yorkshire's attack after four Sussex wickets including those of current test men, Don Smith and David Sheppard had gone for 43.

Alan Oakman, playing only his second county game since his back injury in South Africa, also completed 50. But this two-run effort was not enough and Yorkshire won with an hour to spare.

**DEFEATED**

Gloucestershire, who also had a poor start to the season, gained their third successive victory by 208 runs.

The Welsh County lost six wickets after lunch today for 25, Sam Cook taking five of them for 15 with his left-arm spinners. Fine bowling by Vic Conings against his old county, enabled Hampshire to beat Warwickshire by nine wickets.—*Reuter.*

**RUSSIA TO BACK MALIK FOR UN PRESIDENT?**

New York, Aug. 2. RUSSIA was reported today to be considering dropping plans to introduce a Communist candidate for President of the United Nations General Assembly, so as to concentrate opposition to New Zealand's Sir Leslie Manro, regarded as "favourite" for the key office.

Diplomatic sources said the Soviet group had indicated that they would rally behind the candidacy of Dr. Charles Malik, the Lebanese Foreign Minister, despite their reservations about his pro-Western role in Middle East politics.

Mr. Malik, a Czechoslovakian, had earlier been mentioned as the Communist countries' likely candidate.

The sources said Dr. Malik's support of the Eisenhower Doctrine hardly endeared him to the Soviet group, but the Communists would prefer to see him as President rather than Sir Leslie.

The New Zealand diplomat, acknowledged by many delegates to be an outstanding member of the Commonwealth team, a forceful speaker and master of procedure, incurred Communist criticism for his strong support of Britain and France during the Middle East debates at the last assembly.

Western estimates today were that Sir Leslie was fairly sure of at least 45 votes more than enough for election by the simple majority required in the 61-nation assembly. Dr. Malik's supporters claimed 35 votes, but they did not concede defeat, saying they had hopes of swinging other countries to their side.—*Reuter.*

### REBELS KILLED IN CUBA

Havana, Aug. 2. Government troops clashed anew with rebel forces in Oriente Province in eastern Cuba today, killing 10 rebels, Cuban Army Headquarters reported.

An Army communiqué said the latest encounter with elements of the rebel force headed by Fidel Castro took place at Peldero, south of the Sierra Maestra Mountains where the rebels have been entrenched for months. The communiqué said one government soldier was wounded and large quantities of rebel food and medicine were seized.—*United Press.*

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**TELEVISION**

6 p.m. Children's Films; 8.30, Children's Story Time; 8.50, Short Film; 9, News; 9.15, News; 9.30, Sports News; 9.45, News; 10, World and Colony Events; 10.30, News; 10.45, News; 11, News; 11.30, News; 11.45, News; 12, News; 12.30, News; 1.30, News; 1.45, News; 2, News; 2.15, News; 2.30, News; 2.45, News; 3, News; 3.15, News; 3.30, News; 3.45, News; 4, News; 4.15, News; 4.30, News; 4.45, News; 5, News; 5.15, News; 5.30, News; 5.45, News; 6, News; 6.15, News; 6.30, News; 6.45, News; 7, News; 7.15, News; 7.30, News; 7.45, News; 8, News; 8.15, News; 8.30, News; 8.45, News; 9, News; 9.15, News; 9.30, News; 9.45, News; 10, News; 10.15, News; 10.30, News; 10.45, News; 11, News; 11.15, News; 11.30, News; 11.45, News; 12, News; 12.15, News; 12.30, News; 12.45, News; 1, News; 1.15, News; 1.30, News; 1.45, News; 2, News; 2.15, News; 2.30, News; 2.45, News; 3, News; 3.15, News; 3.30, News; 3.45, News; 4, News; 4.15, News; 4.30, News; 4.45, News; 5, News; 5.15, News; 5.30, News; 5.45, News; 6, News; 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